

# The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1906.

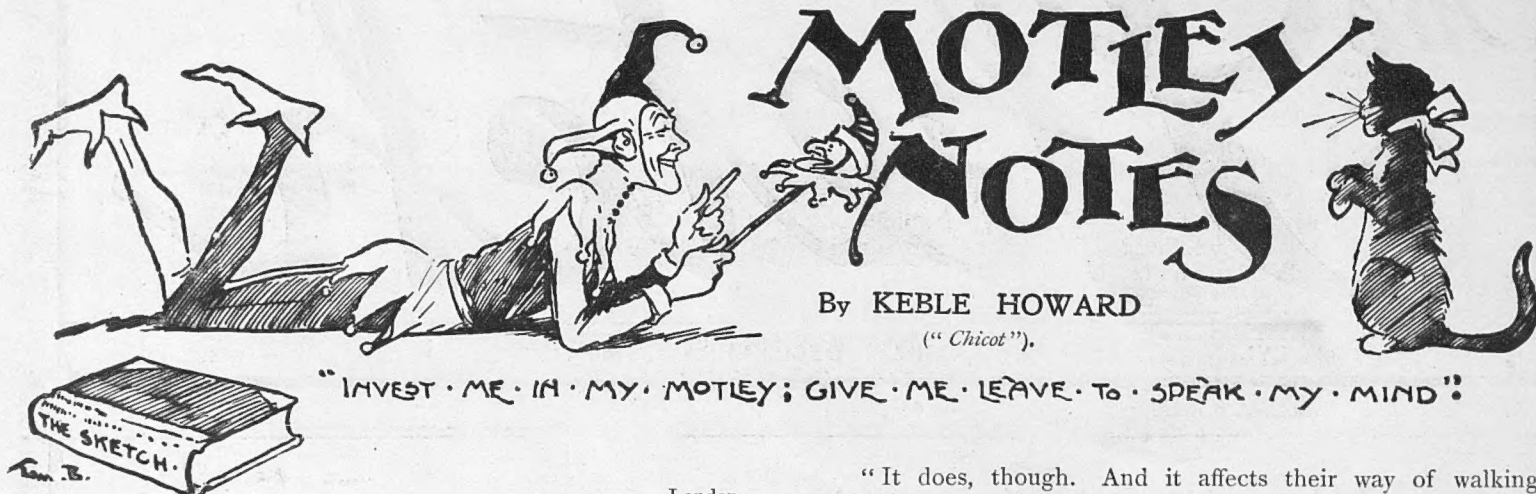
SIXPENCE.



THE NEW LALLY IN A NEW SONG AND AN OLD-TIME DRESS: MISS GERTIE MILLAR  
IN "THE NEW ALADDIN," AT THE GAIETY.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.*





"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND!"

London.

**A Strange Voice.**

*Br-r-r-r-r!* went the telephone. I was in my bath. *Br-r-r-r-r!* I leapt out of the bath. *Br-r-r-r-r!* Streaming wet, I dashed into the sitting-room. *Br-r-r—* But there I stopped her.

"Yes, yes! Hullo, hullo! What the——!"

"Is that you?" The voice was low and musical.

"Oh, I beg your pardon." So was mine. "Who are you?"

"Don't you know?"

"Well, I'm afraid I—just for the moment——"

"Humbug!" The tone suddenly changed to that of an old lady.

"Oh, it's you, is it? Good morning, Dame Nature. I didn't recognise you."

"Of course you didn't. You've never heard that voice before. That's my club voice."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. I always talk like that in the club because it's so unnatural. If I spoke naturally the porter would have a fit. He's not used to it. But that isn't what I was going to say. I rang up to see if you'd come and have tea this afternoon. Will you?"

"Delighted!"

**The Beauty of Nature.**

She was standing in the hall when I arrived, but I should have passed her by had she not plucked me by the sleeve. The porter eyed us with suspicion.

"Well," I protested, "you couldn't have expected anything else!"

Nor could she. The transformation was extraordinary. Instead of an old woman with bent back and wrinkled cheeks, white hair and misty eyes, I beheld a young woman, tall, slender, beautiful, and charmingly dressed.

"Is this assumed or natural?" I stammered.

"You're very rude! Natural, of course."

"Is that why people talk about the beauty of Nature?"

"No. They talk about the beauty of Nature because they think it sounds well. Very few people believe, in their hearts, that I am beautiful."

"Perhaps that's due to the fact that they never see you like this."

"If they did, they wouldn't know me."

"Too true!" I sighed. A sly smile showed me that I had fallen into a very obvious trap.

"And you had a better chance than some of them," she reminded me, "because I warned you that I was beautiful. Never mind. Come and sit down."

**The Club-woman.**

"Why did you say on the telephone," I asked curiously, "that the porter would have a fit if you spoke in your natural voice? Are clubwomen

so artificial?"

"That's a little too shallow, my friend, seeing that we decided, only a day or two ago, that men were more artificial than women. No; artificial is not the word, unless you would call a fish out of water artificial."

"You mean that a woman in a club is a woman out of her natural element?"

"Yes, my dear Watson. (Forgive me. I always think of Sherlock Holmes's Watson when people ask such convenient questions.) Women are out of their natural element in clubs, because they are not, by nature, clubbable. They treat a club as though it were a hotel, except that they tip the waiters when nobody is looking, instead of in public."

"I don't see why that should affect their voices."

By KEBLE HOWARD

(“Chicot”).

"It does, though. And it affects their way of walking, and eating, and drinking, and smoking. Look at that woman in the corner talking to the man with the fair moustache and the set smile. She is trying, with all her might, to realise that this is her club. Do you suppose she would take the trouble to loll in that indifferent, lordly, uncomfortable attitude in her own boudoir? Not she!"

**Philosophy of Club Life.**

"Still," I argued, "she may be a clubbable woman for all that."

"You speak as though I had said something disparaging about women, and you thought it your duty to defend them. My dear boy, there's no such particular merit in being clubbable. The man who haunts a club by day is an idle man—a man devoid of ideas, a man without a hobby. The man who haunts a club by night is an unhappy man—a man who either has no home, or doesn't care to be in it. There's not the slightest reason, of course, why a man shouldn't spend an hour or two a day in his club, and an evening or two a week. It's a natural instinct, and does him good. But the hen-bird is happier in the nest. There's no merit in the thing one way or the other. Now it's your turn."

"In other words, men are gregarious and women are not?"

"Rubbish! You're all gregarious, when you're sane. But you're not as gregarious as sheep. You like to have your own little pens, and you like to retire to them, and you like to be quite sure that the other creatures will not come into your pens unless they're invited. The difference between the sexes—since you insist on talking platitudes—is simply this: the woman loves the pen itself, and the man loves the pen—or contrariwise—because the woman is in it."

**Dangerous Ground.**

"I must say," I observed reflectively, "I think it's a good thing, both for men and women, to have some resort from which the sexual element is entirely eliminated."

Dame Nature laughed aloud.

"Splendid!" she cried. "That exactly explains why this club and other women's clubs are always full of men, and why we have men to wait on us instead of girls! If you will allow me to say so, my young friend, you deliver yourself of some astonishingly foolish remarks."

"I'm sorry. You'd better do all the talking yourself since you're so frightfully clever."

"Now you're cross, and that makes you stupider. I'm not clever, but I'm very experienced. I think you'll allow that. And, as I told you before, I'm a woman. Men's clubs, you see, are for men. Women's clubs, as a rule, are for men and women. This is not libellous. It's merely another proof that women are fonder of men than men are of women."

"That's not true!" I declared stoutly.

"How do you know it's not?"

"To begin with, from my own tastes."

"Oh, but you're so young! Give me a cigarette, please."

**I am Disappointed.**

"Egyptian or American?"

"American, of course. I have no vices."

"There, then. Now let's get back to the question in hand. You say that women are fonder of men, Dame Nature, than men are of women. Can you give me a proof?"

"Any number, but not to-day."

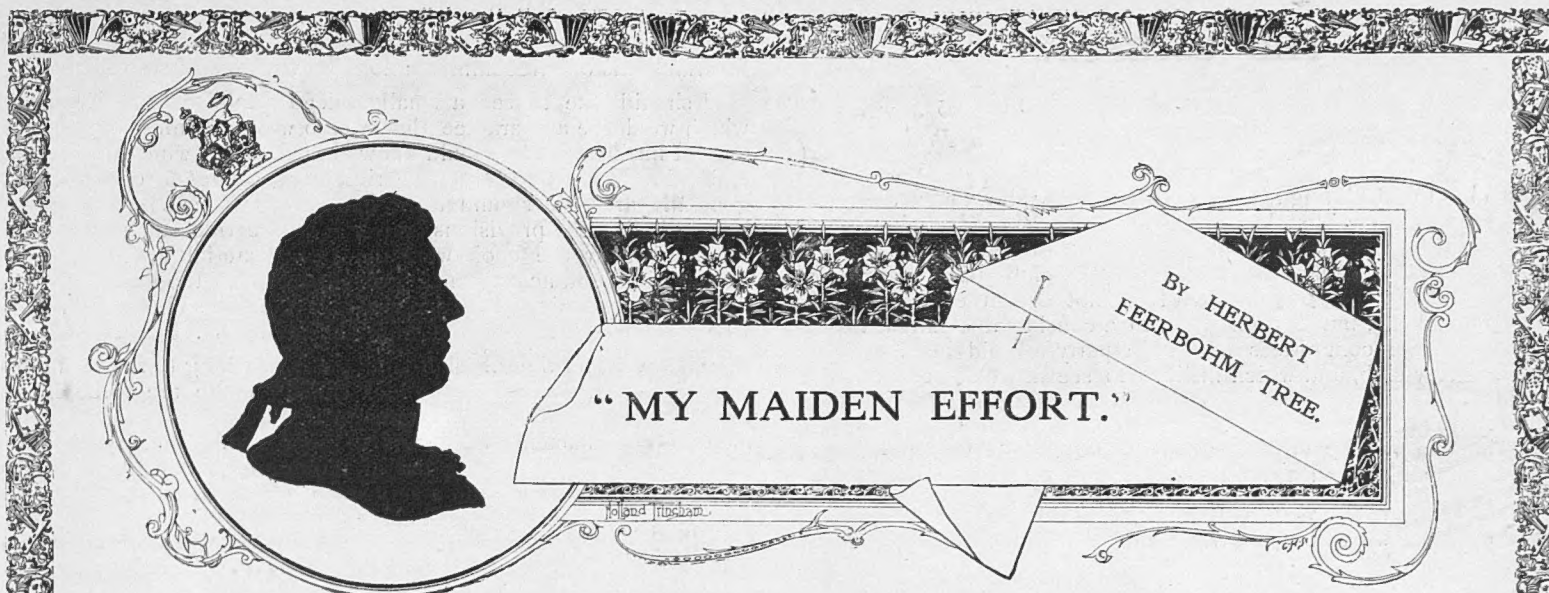
My face fell. "Why not? I was just getting interested."

"In me, dear heart, not in the subject. One of these days I'll discuss the question with you; but not when I'm in this shape."

"Why not?"

"It might prejudice your views."





HIS  
MAJESTY'S  
THEATRE.

Hail president Sir Charles! May  
you for years,  
Our Prince of Laughter, help to dry the tears  
Of the poor players - may the cup that  
cheers  
But not inebriates be ever yours -  
No fears  
Of slumps in Cornish, Rand Mines and  
De Beers  
Disturb you! May you find amid  
Hear hears,  
Otium cum dignitate in the peers!  
H. B. T.

MR. TREE TURNS POET: THE FAMOUS ACTOR'S VERSE TO SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM.

The Actors' Benevolent Fund Dinner last week was marked by Sir Charles Wyndham's statement that the time for his retirement was drawing nigh, and by the fact that Mr. Tree turned poet for the first time. By way of postscript to a letter to Sir Charles, Mr. Tree wrote: "I have just seen a cartoon in which I am depicted as a poet, having been driven from the stage owing to my jealousy of you! I send you my maiden effort.—H. B. T." The very interesting "maiden effort" referred to we are enabled to give above, by the courtesy of Mr. Tree and of Sir Charles Wyndham.



## THE CLUBMAN.

*Are the Clubs Dying?—The Advantages of a Club—Club Secretaries—Loss of Esprit de Corps—Too High Points at Bridge.*

"IS club life declining?" is a question of the day, and many clubmen have written letters to say "Yea," and to give their opinions as to what should be done to save the clubs. There is no doubt that nowadays many of the older clubs have a very short list of candidates, and some of them have not even their full complement of members; but I think that, to a considerable extent, this is the fault of the committees and of a party of old members that exists in every club, and which dislikes to see any change. When a man has sat for twenty years in some especial armchair, has dined at a table in a particular position, and has become accustomed to certain decorations, he resents any alterations, and does his best to prevent anybody from making them.

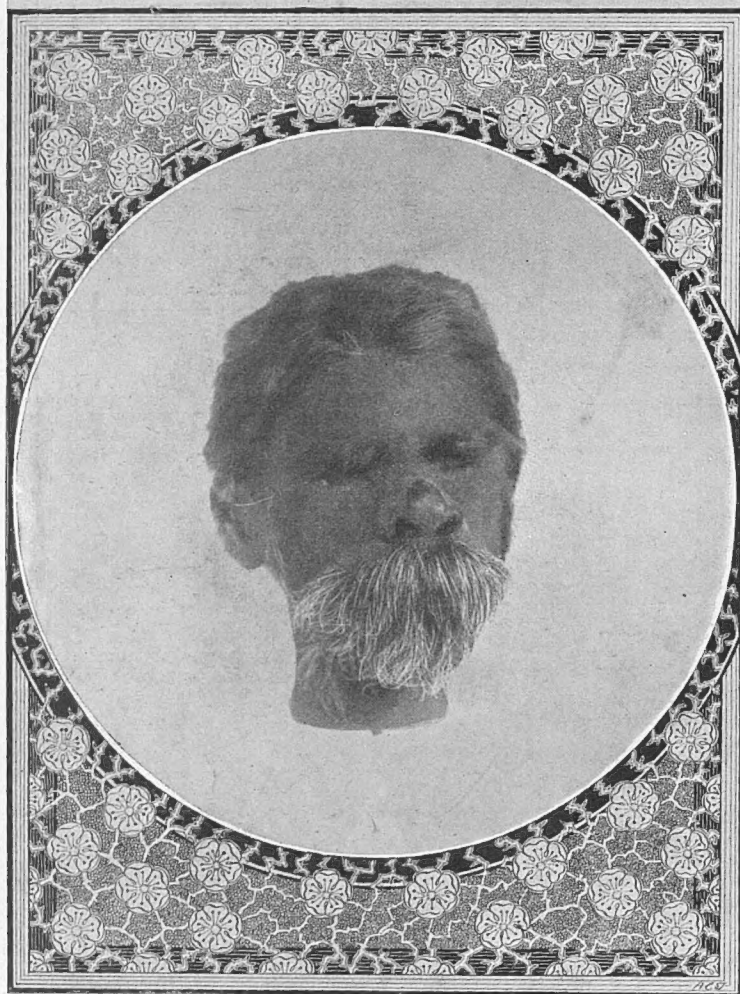
Restaurants are the very dangerous rivals of clubs, but there are certain comforts which a club gives a man which a restaurant cannot

pleasant manners, and some influential acquaintances are almost invariably his only recommendations for the post of club secretary.

I should like to see a small college established, a diploma from which would be a guarantee that a club was obtaining as secretary a man of business. He should know enough about wine to prevent the club wine-lists from being the ridiculous catalogue of rubbish they generally are; he should learn enough of the caterer's business to know whether the provisions delivered by the tradesmen or bought in the market by the cook were the best material available; and he should be a good accountant. Social position is too much insisted on in the selection of a club secretary. If the clubs chose such men as I have indicated, the steward might be abolished.

The overcrowding of club-land has something to say to the small waiting-lists of some of the older clubs. There are three hundred recognised clubs of some standing in London now, and the clubbable men are not sufficient in numbers to go round. Clubs spring up like mushrooms, offering a long list of attractions to members, charging them no entrance-fees, and a very small subscription, and many men, sooner than pay the forty guineas a first-class club generally asks as an entrance-fee, are content to belong to some "pot-house," where

TYPES OF EARLY BEAUTY.



A PIGMY WHOSE APPEARANCE AT STEVENS'S CAUSED A SENSATION THE OTHER DAY.

*Photograph by Bolaks.*

TYPES OF EARLY BEAUTY.



A PIGMY WHO MADE A GREAT PERSONAL SUCCESS AT STEVENS'S THE OTHER DAY.

*Photograph by Bolaks.*

### "SKETCH" PAGES THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

*Photographs by Bolaks.*

give, and it is by recognising where a club's advantage lies and by making the most of it that clubs will continue to exist. Money spent on the club-rooms, where men gather to talk, to read, to smoke, is very well laid out. The restaurants give excellent meals at less than club prices, for there is no subscription to be paid to a restaurant; but restaurants are not sociable places, whereas clubs should be; and instead of the gloomy, old-fashioned reading and smoking and morning rooms, which so many of the older clubs retain, every room in which members spend their time should be as modern and as comfortable as possible.

I doubt very much whether the present system of the management of clubs is a businesslike one. The sub-committees, off-shoots of the general committee, are composed of gentlemen who are men of the world and who have a certain general knowledge of the subjects they have to deal with, but who are not experts, have no expert at their elbows to advise them, and are beset by people waiting to sell them many things at the highest possible price. The perfect club secretary has yet to be evolved. Here and there one is to be found with the knowledge and tact combined which make the perfect club official, but he is almost as rare as the dodo. The usual club secretary has been either a soldier or a sailor. Experience as a mess-president

they can read the papers, and to which they can have their letters sent. The high stakes which are played for at bridge have frightened from the card-rooms of the older clubs many men who are fond of the game, but do not wish either to lose or win large sums; and the bridge clubs which have grown up of late years have, by rigorously limiting the stakes, drawn to themselves a very large number of members, some of whom have deserted the older clubs, not wishing to pay two subscriptions.

### TYPES OF EARLY BEAUTY.

The heads illustrated on this page are of about the size of a large walnut. One of them was recently offered for sale at Mr. Stevens's, and withdrawn at £120, the reserve being £250. The catalogue description was—"Marvellous little human head with beard and moustaches turning grey, from Central Mexico, 300 miles from Chavoa; nothing like it has ever been offered before." The head was bought from a Mexican ranchman, who stated that it had been in his family for generations, and it is suggested that it is a relic of a race of pigmies who lived in Mexico long before the days of Montezuma. It is not one of the ordinary "shrunk heads," for in the case of those the bones have been removed, and the flesh dried



THE REVIVAL OF "RICHARD II.," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.



MR. TREE AS RICHARD II., AND MISS VIOLA TREE AS THE QUEEN.



MR. TREE AS RICHARD II.



MR. TREE AS RICHARD II.



MISS VIOLA TREE AS THE QUEEN, AND MR. TREE AS RICHARD II.

*Photographs by Burford.*



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Dec. 12, 1906

Signature.....

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CHISLEHURST, SEVENOAKS, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, MARGATE, FOLKESTONE, and DOVER, leaving CHARING CROSS at 12.20 midnight, WATERLOO 12.22 a.m., CANNON STREET 12.28 a.m., LONDON BRIDGE, 12.34 a.m., and NEW CROSS at 12.42 a.m. A FAST LATE TRAIN to CHATHAM, SITTINGBOURNE, SHEERNESS, FAVERSHAM, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, WESTGATE, MARGATE, BROADSTAIRS, RAMSGATE, CANTERBURY, WALMER, DEAL, and DOVER, leaving VICTORIA 12.30 midnight, HOLBORN 12.30 midnight, ST. PAUL'S 12.32 a.m., ELEPHANT AND CASTLE 12.37 a.m., LOUGHBOROUGH JUNCTION 12.43 a.m., BRISTON 12.38 a.m., and HERNE HILL 12.45 a.m. CHEAP RETURN TICKETS will be issued by these Trains at the Week-end Fares for Stations to which Week-end Bookings are in force.

**CHRISTMAS DAY.**—Several Extra Trains will run, but the Ordinary Services will be as on Sundays.

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For further particulars as to Times of Trains, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Special Train Service Supplement and Holiday Programme.  
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#### THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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HEINEMANN.  
On the Death of Madonna Laura. Francesco Petrarca. Rendered into English by Agnes Tobin. 7s. 6d. net.  
Memoirs of Prince Chlodwig of Hohenlohe Schillingsfuerst. Edited by Friedrich Curtius. 2 vols. 24s. net.  
EVELEIGH NASH.  
Success in Life. Emile Reich. 5s. net.  
The Empty House. Algernon Blackwood. 6s.  
A Royal Tragedy. Chedonille Mijatovich. 7s. 6d.  
MACMILLAN.  
Andrew Goodfellow. Helen H. Watson. 6s.  
ELKIN MATHEWS.  
Paper Pellets. Jessie Pope. 1s. 6d. net.

T. SEALEY CLARK.  
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GAY AND BIRD.  
Mr. Pratt. Joseph C. Lincoln. 6s.  
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Who's Who, 1907. 10s. net.  
Who's Who Year Book, 1907. 1s. net.  
GRANT RICHARDS.  
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**The Illustrated London News**  
DECEMBER 15.

WINTER SPORTS ABROAD.

JULIUS CÆSAR IN FRENCH: THE ODÉON PRODUCTION

A "ROSA BONHEUR" BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



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AN ENVOY FROM THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA TO THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND: Mlle. BALLADAN.

Mlle. Balladan is pleading the cause of Roumania's silk-weavers at the British Court.

Photograph by Amy Cassels.

*A Queen's Envoy.* Mlle. Hélène Balladan is the clever, energetic lady who has enjoyed the signal honour of being one Queen's Envoy to another. The Queen of Roumania's pet industry is silk-weaving, and she entrusted Mlle. Balladan with the task of pleading the cause of those workers in whom she is so interested with our ever kind and generous Queen Alexandra. Curiously enough, one of the most charming descriptions ever written of her present Majesty was penned by another Hélène connected with the Roumanian Court—namely, Mlle. Vacaresco, who accompanied her adored mistress to this country, and spent some time at Balmoral Castle in days when the then Princess of Wales was on a visit to Queen Victoria.

#### Mrs. Gerard Lowther.

Mrs. Gerard Lowther is one of the many beautiful Americans who have married British diplomatists. As Miss Alice Blight, she was popular in two continents. Through her mother, she is descended from many very well-known American artists and authors, of whom, perhaps, the most famed was the sculptor, Horatio Greenough, who left an enduring monument in his colossal statue of Washington. This Horatio seems to have been something of a wit as well as a modest man, for when tracing his name on the base of the huge statue of America's hero, he

wrote, "Horatio Greenough *faciebat*" (tried to do it) instead of the usual *fecit*. The marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Lowther took place in London, and was the smartest matrimonial event of the March before last; the great Lowther clan mustered in force, and the wedding reception was held at picturesque Lowther Lodge, which had been lent to Mr. Atherton Blight by the bridegroom's father and mother.

Mrs. Gerard Lowther has taken very kindly to her life in the near East, and she is most popular in the British colony in Morocco.

#### Lady Lawson.

The new Lady Lawson was married to the eldest son of the great temperance reformer in the early 'nineties, and she was before her marriage Miss Mary Camilla Macan. She inherits her beauty and charm of manner from a long line of Irish ancestors, for her father was an Irish as well as an English landowner. Both the second Sir Wilfrid and Lady Lawson are very popular in that stretch of the North-country with which the Lawsons have been associated from time immemorial, and their country place is near Cockermouth, for which town the late Baronet sat for so many years.

#### An Inheritance of Beauty.

Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox, who will celebrate her twentieth birthday next June, has as great a heritage of beauty as any British maiden of high degree, for she is a niece of the Duchess of Sutherland and of Lady Warwick, and a descendant through her father of a galaxy of beautiful women, starting from the loveliest of Restoration Court beauties. Miss Gordon-Lennox is an only child, and like her cousin, Lady Helmsley, she has enjoyed a more or less unconventional up-bringing. Even as quite a little girl, she was the constant companion of her pretty mother, Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, and she always helped her parents to do the honours of Broughton Castle, the splendid Oxfordshire seat which is leased by Lord Algernon from Lord Saye and Sele.



THE NEW LADY LAWSON, WIFE OF SIR WILFRID LAWSON.

Lady Lawson was Miss Mary Camilla Macan, and was married to the eldest son of the great temperance reformer in the early nineties.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.



A BEAUTIFUL AMERICAN MARRIED TO A BRITISH DIPLOMAT: MRS. GERARD LOWTHER.

Mrs. Lowther was Miss Alice Blight, and is descended from a number of well-known American artists and authors, among them Horatio Greenough.

Photograph supplied by the Press Picture Agency.



A SOCIETY BEAUTY DESCENDED FROM SOCIETY BEAUTIES: MISS IVY GORDON-LENNOX.

Miss Ivy Gordon-Lennox has among her ancestors quite a number of beautiful women. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that she herself is a beauty.

Photograph supplied by Rolak.



"Julius Cæsar," Shakspeare reigns at the Paris Odéon. Imperial Cæsar turned to clay by the knives of Brutus and company attracts a large crowd nightly.

Mark Antony is in great form—the biggest figure in the cast. He is personated by de Max, so closely associated at one time with the triumphs of Sarah Bernhardt. M. de Max is a splendid actor, and has a perfect diction, but his gestures are curiously feminine. When he appears at the top of the stairs leading to the Senate, and spreads out his robe, veil-wise, over his head, you imagine for the moment it is Calphurnia, Cæsar's wife, strayed there by accident. The mounting is particularly sumptuous. Antoine has spared no pains to give the real atmosphere of the play, both in the scenery and in the management of the crowds. A marvellous stage-manager is Antoine—second to none in the world, perhaps. There are four solid hours, straight off, of Shakspeare, for Antoine does not believe in abridgement, as Irving did, and as the other producers of Shakspeare do in England. But the public goes away not the

least bit bored. It would not be surprising if "Julius Cæsar" ran for a hundred nights—a great success in Paris for such a play.

*Shakspeare and the Parisiennes.* The charming and elegant Parisiennes are not strong on Shakspeare, it must be admitted. Of course, they went to the first night at the Odéon, as every fashionable woman did, but they were just a wee bit mystified. You might hear this kind of conversation going on: "Dis donc, mon chéri, qu'est ce qu'il y a qui arrive à ce bon Cæsar?" "Est-ce qu'il est fusillé ou quoi?" One pretty young actress, who was informed that there was



AN ACTRESS WHOSE DEMAND FOR SALARY IS BELIEVED TO HAVE CAUSED THE SUICIDE OF A THEATRICAL MANAGER: MLE. SARI FEDAK.

It has been generally said that the cause of the suicide of M. Paul Widor, of the Volks Theatre at Buda Pesth, was Mlle. Sari Fedak's insistence that the contract which gave her a salary of 200,000 kronen for 250 performances should be fulfilled to the letter. It is said that the actress, fearing the wrath of the mob, has left the Hungarian capital.

babies are those youngsters recently christened "Charles Haakon" and "Maud Norway," in honour of the royal visit. Which of the three has the greatest cause for complaint, the greatest need for pity, we cannot say. King Haakon has to lament the published discovery that his regal, much mispronounced title is identical with "Hawkins"—of "Ow d'yer fancy 'Awkins fer yer uvver name?" and other fame. The boy baby must suffer under the same lash. The girl baby will continually find her age "given away" by

"Eden." That, in his own words, sent them all "stark, staring, raving mad." It is curious that Dickens's humour should for once have forsaken him. He actually made the proposition to Forster that he should explain under what conditions he had been the recipient of such royal ovations in the United States. "Don't you think the time has come," he wrote, "when I ought to state that such public entertainments as I received in the States were either accepted before I went out or in the first week after my arrival there; and that as soon as I began to have any acquaintance with the country, I set my face against any public recognition whatever but that which was forced upon me, to the distraction of my peace and comfort, and made no secret of my real sentiments?" Forster decided against him. America soon ceased to curse him, began anew to bless, and now has given him a monument.

"Ow d'yer Fancy 'Haakon'?"

The philanthropists who devote themselves to protecting humanity from humanity, that

almost fruitless task, have now a really good case to work on. A King and two babies are the subjects. The King is the ruler of Norway; the



AN ACTRESS WHO HAS BEEN EXCOMMUNICATED: LA FORNARINA.

La Fornarina, the well-known music-hall singer, recently caused a good deal of scandal when appearing in the popular theatres at Murcia, Spain. As a result, the Government entered a protest, and the actress was excommunicated by the religious authorities. The police are guarding her house from the frenzy of the people.

her names. Which of the three has the greatest need for protection? We must give it up.

*Madame Patti Nervous.* Apropos of the retirement of Madame Patti, an old *abonné* of the Paris Opéra used to tell a story of the first appearance of the diva at the Théâtre Italien, where opera was given when the Opera House was burned down. Patti was singing in "Faust," and for the first time in French. Seats were not to be had for love or money, and the old *abonné* had given up his place to a friend from the country, taking refuge himself in the prompter's box. He was so close to the singer that if he had stretched out his hand he could have touched her, and when it came to the Jewel Song he saw that Madame Patti was so nervous that she was trembling like a leaf. Cœdes, the prompter, and author of "La Belle Bourbonnaise," who died in a madhouse a few years later, regularly scolded the prima-donna, and said, "What, you nervous? It's disgraceful! Pull yourself together, *sapristi!*" Madame Patti, astonished at being addressed in such an unusual manner, recovered herself, and sang as she had never sung before, and the next day she sent Cœdes a magnificent scarf-pin, with her best thanks.



THE LAST OF THE ORIGINAL "BLOOMER BRIGADE": SUSAN FOWLER, OF VINELAND, NEW JERSEY, IN HER USUAL DRESS.

Susan Fowler is the last of the original "Bloomer Band," led by Mrs. Anne Bloomer, of New York. For forty years she has worn the type of costume in which she is shown, tilling her ground, gathering her harvest, and going to market to sell her produce. She is now eighty years old, and lives in solitude, as she disdains the help of man.

Photograph by the P.F. Press Bureau.

a good deal of fighting in the last act, said, "Oh, I don't like it at all! Firearms always frighten me." As the curtain fell, there were loud cries of "Antoine, Antoine," which might have meant either the director or the actor, de Max, who played the character of Antoine, or, as we spell it, Antony. "Will they call for the author?" asked a placid-looking individual in a *fauteuil d'orchestre*. Sardou, who was present in the audience, and was certainly a most appreciative listener, was heard to regret that dear William was not alive to act as his collaborateur. That, at least, is the story, but, of course, it may not be strictly true. Anyway, Cæsar has come to stay in Paris. He is already a Parisian.

*Philadelphia and Dickens.* Philadelphia, by erecting a statue to Charles Dickens,

has done honour to the memory of a man whom, during his lifetime, America alternately loved and reviled. First it was the copyright question. When he denounced the pirates at their big public dinners, the whole country rose against him. The best men were with him, but they dared not admit it. Then came "Martin Chuzzlewit," with its



AMERICA FORGIVES DICKENS FOR "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT": THE STATUE OF THE GREAT NOVELIST ERECTED AT PHILADELPHIA.

"Martin Chuzzlewit," with its exposure of "Eden," caused America, to use Dickens's own words, to go "stark, staring, raving mad." He has long since been forgiven, but the Philadelphia statue is the first that has been erected of him there. The figure at the base of the statue is Little Nell.

Photograph by the P.F. Press Bureau.



CHALLENGED FOR £500  
TO PROVE THAT THEY CAN TRANSFER THOUGHT.



MR. AND MRS. ZANCIG, WHOSE MYSTERIOUS PERFORMANCE AT THE ALHAMBRA IS CAUSING  
WIDESPREAD INTEREST.

Mr. and Mrs. Zancig—whose present appearance at the Alhambra is, by the way, by no means the first that they have made in this country—are attracting many people by their demonstration of mind-reading. Mrs. Zancig stands on the stage, while Mr. Zancig goes among the audience. Any article shown to Mr. Zancig is immediately named by Mrs. Zancig, as is any combination of figures shown to Mr. Zancig. They have been challenged for £500 to prove that they really transfer thought. The conditions are that Mr. Zancig shall be in one room and Mrs. Zancig in another, that they shall each have a copy of a certain book, and that Mrs. Zancig shall write out from her copy of the book a passage pointed out to Mr. Zancig, within, say, half an hour. If she succeeds in doing this she will win the bet.

*Photograph by Campbell-Gray.*



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

### Another "Impossible" Achievement.

The opening on Saturday of the new underground railway which is to connect Piccadilly and Brompton marks another stage in the development of London traffic by methods which, when middle-aged men were in their youth, were described as impossible. When the Metropolitan was first projected, members of the directorate used to declare that it could not be made; that if it were made, it could never be worked; and that, even if made and worked, no one would travel by it. Lord Palmerston's pronouncement on the impossibility of the Suez Canal was not more emphatic. But somehow the line did get itself made and worked and patronised, and the inaugural journey, made by a train of goods-trucks, brought together one of the most notable assemblies ever seen on a railway. Looking to-day at a portrait-group taken at the beginning of that journey, one can only wonder how the directors dared to put their august guests into such trucks, and how the party managed to get through the tunnels, wearing the hats that were fashionable at the time.

### Forgotten Treasure.

The paramount difficulty of the new line seems to have been the finding of a name. When the Metropolitan scheme was before the Parliamentary Committee a name thrown out in derision bore fruit in our own day. Sir John Fowler was the engineer for a line which skirted some famous sporting moors. "I believe," said the opposing counsel, "that your line is called the 'Grouse and Trout Line'?" "Very likely," answered the engineer, "and your line is called the Flute, because it is nearly all tunnel." From the "Flute" to the "Tube" is not the greatest stretch of imagination.

### A Princely Act.

The Lord Mayor has been telling us how Cabby denounced his Lordship for a hold-up of traffic resulting in Sir William's son missing his train. Many of us have missed trains on similar account, but few of us have been nearer to missing the Lord Mayor's banquet itself than once Sir Robert Peel was. He had just gained his great majority, and had planned to make a speech at the banquet outlining the Ministerial policy. Queen Victoria determined that he should not; she summoned him to dine with her on that very night. Sir Robert decided that Sir James Graham must make the speech on his behalf. Only one thing could save the situation, and that happened. That very day a baby Prince made his appearance, and Sir Robert was, after all, able to attend the banquet. The youngster who smoothed the way of the Premier in this princely fashion is now Edward VII.

### Women who "Drank" Tobacco.

Were the invitation to ladies to smoke at concerts in a fashionable watering-place generally adopted, the practice would be but a reversion to old-time manners. Our ancestresses "drank" tobacco as heartily as the men. So they do to-day in many parts of the world. The manner in which

tobacco for men has resisted all the efforts to suppress it makes one rather tremble for the edict against opium in China. Abyssinians smoke to-day, though legally the penalty is the loss of the lips, and other forms of mutilation. Terrific punishments have failed to stay the development of the habit. The Greek Church declared that it was with the fumes of tobacco that the devil intoxicated Noah; the Russians traced the destruction of Moscow to the smoker. Turkish Sultans had the pleasant habit of driving pipes through the cheeks of smokers; while a Shah of Persia has been known to set a smoker on his tobacco and make a bonfire of both. Yet still the world smokes.

### Double-Barrelled Action.

The action in the Courts the other day over a wrong diagnosis would be read by a friend of the writer who lives to revile the medical man who, seven years ago, gave him three months to live. The late Frederick Goodall, R.A., though nothing of a doctor, had an experience of the

sort, embarrassing from its success. While painting scenes of Bedouin life in the desert, he was besought to do something for a girl whose head had become destitute of hair. The artist thought of an old pantomime joke—the bald head, the pot of ointment, and the instantaneous growth of hair. He sent in to Cairo for an ointment, had the girl's head washed and anointed, and to his amazement, the scalp sprouted like mustard and cress. Surely he must be a magician, the Bedouins said, and they

begged him to undertake further cures. A man with an arm swollen with boils tried the remedy. The ointment which had caused hair to grow caused the boils to diminish. The success was too great. Goodall feared that someone might want to take it for stomach-ache. He called up another tribe and departed.

### A Marooned Ambassador.

The new British Minister to the United States should be in time to see the Wright Brothers justify, or attempt to justify, the sensational reports which have been published by their friends relative to the aerial flights which they are said to have accomplished. But the new Ambassador will scarcely be tempted, it is to be hoped, to take a trip skywards himself, at any rate until aeroplanes become better founded vehicles. An experiment which Mr. Tuckerman, when at the American Legation at Athens, was induced to try placed him in a decidedly unpleasant fix. The King of Greece had got one of the then new water-velocipedes, and the Ambassador set gaily forth upon it. The going out towards the Albanian coast was simple enough; to get round was quite another matter. The steering apparatus had become rusty and would not turn. There he was, pedalling away, but unable to get back. King George rowed out in his dinghy, almost convulsed with laughter, and offered to take him in tow. This inspired one last expiring effort, and the machine did turn, and was driven home like an arrow, never more to tempt the Ambassador out upon the waters with its parts ungreased.



NOT A CONDEMNED MEAT-PACKING FACTORY, BUT NEARLY AS DESTRUCTIVE, IN A DYNAMITE MANUFACTORY.

Each of the heaps of paste shown contains sufficient dynamite to blow up several houses.



OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!—A MARVELLOUS LEAP INTO SPACE.



WHERE WILL HE LAND? A SKI-JUMPER IN MID-AIR.

*Photograph supplied by Bölaks.*



## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," "THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH," AND THE CHESTER PLAYS.

EXIT "The Virgin Goddess," and enter Shakspeare's fairy piece. The classic play barely lasted out the month, though some had hailed it with enthusiasm, and all admitted that, at the least, Mr. Besier had made a sincere, able attempt to write a drama of the highest order. "Are we down-hearted?" A little. Even the warm welcome to "A Midsummer Night's Dream" cannot prevent us from feeling sad that our vast public would not support the modern work. But it is delighted by the revival—and the revived play is Shakspeare, which shows that public taste is sound—that is the sort of answer one gets to a growl on the subject. Yet a cynic might well

write an essay on the question whether it is for his qualities or for his defects that the playgoing public loves Shakspeare—if it does. He, perhaps, would come to the conclusion that it does not love his work at all, but loves the sauce with which it is served. In the present case the main elements of success are the music, the dances, the pretty scenery, and the singing fairies—it is "Shakspeare and the musical lassies." Worshipping commentators have hinted that the lovers are tiresome, that the Theseus and Hippolyta passages are barren, and that the "immortals" are far less imaginative than in "The Tempest." Of course, we have the amateur theatricals of the Athenian clowns, which, as is generally the case with amateur theatricals, the players enjoy far more than do some of the audience. I should like to see Tolstoy's analysis of the play; there would, I fear, be much concerning rudimentary buffoonery. Of course, points of view differ, and some people, like Diggory, can laugh over and over again at the same joke; and when it is of antiquity are able to have a kind of *nunc pro tunc* enjoyment. Happy they! Others are less fortunate. And these others are unjust. The pioneer's merit is not the less because those who come after him have with the aid of his work surpassed him. I have heard a man say that "A Pantomime Rehearsal" had, for him, killed the "Pyramus and Thisbe" of Messrs. Bottom and company. Now assuming, whilst not admitting, that the humours of the modern piece are finer, truer, and more subtle, the Shaksperian can maintain that his idol has over his successors the overwhelming virtue of being the first and true inventor.

In the revival at the Adelphi we have an excellent performance, and a production admirably suited to the public taste: In some respects the playing is better than in the former revivals that we can recollect; in others not so good; but taken all round, it falls short of none. Whether the Weaver of Mr. Asche is more clever or truer than that of Mr. Weir or Mr. Tree I do not pretend to say; it is different and decidedly clever; moreover, it caused hearty laughter. Mr. Lyall Swete's Quince was more subtle, less self-conscious than that of his successor; but Mr. Charles Rock acts very ably and divertingly. Miss Lily Brayton's Helena appears admirable, even to those who recollect Ada Rehan in the part. Mr. Hignett's Lysander

is one of the best. There is a charming, almost pathetic note, in the Titania of Miss Thyrza Norman, and no Oberon in my memory has done greater justice to the superbly musical lines. Miss Ellen Terry's "Puck" was not in my time, but the exquisite performance of poor Miss Norreys was; Miss Nita Faydon may be less than the ideal, but she pleased the house. Mr. Brydone, one of the most valuable of the Adelphi company, does full justice to Theseus. Miss Parkina's singing is the "hit" of the affair—alas, poor Shakspeare! There is room for argument on æsthetic grounds as to the setting, but it is certainly to the popular

taste. When the work is revived again I hope Mr. Gordon Craig will be employed, so that we can see the effect of a more imaginative mounting.

It is not very long since we saw "The Cricket on the Hearth" at the Garrick, a fact that renders Mr. Nation's venture at Terry's rather daring. Still we are close upon Christmas time, and even the terrible new Act rendering the giving and receiving of Christmas boxes a criminal offence will not destroy the seasonable sympathy of holiday-makers with the simple sentiment and humours of the Dickensian piece, carefully staged and presented by a company containing some excellent performers. For instance, there is Mr. Charles Groves—"the man from Sheffield"—who gives an admirable performance as Caleb Plummer, a part in which Toole caused many tears to flow by what some have deemed his best acting. Tilly Slowboy enabled Miss Maud Stamer to make quite a hit by her picture of the amiable, quaint, foolish creature; and it is only fair to refer to the John Peerybingle of Mr. Imeson, the Tackleton of Mr. Ryder, and the agreeable Dot of Miss Frances Rutledge.

"The English Drama Society" is doing a good work in a modest and unobtrusive way by giving performances of such interesting relics of antiquity as the old Chester mystery-plays. Three of them, "The Nativity," "The Appearance of the Angels to the

Shepherds," and "The Adoration of the Magi," were given at the Bloomsbury Hall by a competent company of players, who spoke the quaint old dialogue with intelligence, and produced by their grouping and by the colours of their costumes some very picturesque effects. These "mysteries" are not dramatic in the modern sense of the word, or even as "Everyman" is dramatic, but merely simple illustrations of the Bible narrative amplified and expanded to make them acceptable to the primitive audiences for whom they were written. Some of them were, as is well known, tinged with grossness, but the specimens chosen by the Society for representation exhibit no instance of this taint, and there was nothing to jar upon the general air of devotional sincerity which pervaded the whole performance. Quaint productions like this are never in danger of becoming extravagantly popular, but there is always interest in them for the student, and the Society are to be congratulated on their taste and skill.



THE FRENCH MARK ANTONY: M. DE MAX, WHO IS PLAYING MARK ANTONY IN "JULIUS CÆSAR," AT THE ODÉON, PARIS (AS HAMLET).

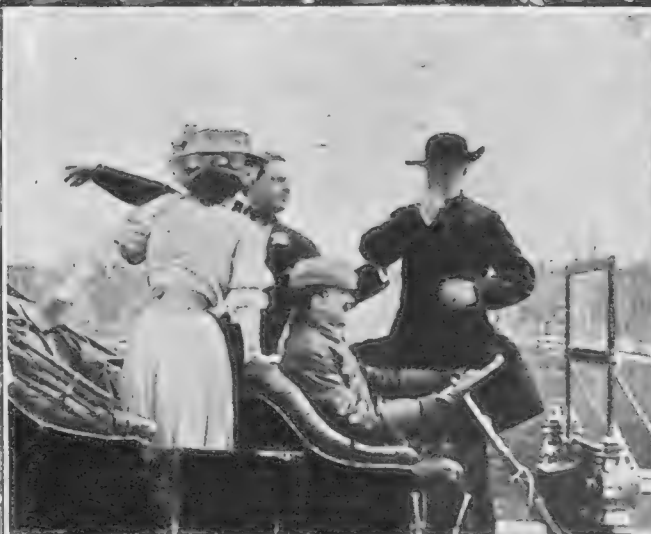
Shakspeare's "Julius Cæsar" translated by M. Louis de Grammont, was produced at the Odéon last week, and was magnificently received. M. de Max, who has been associated in the past with a number of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's productions, was the Mark Antony; M. Desjardins was the Brutus; M. Philippe Garnier, the Cassius; and M. Duquesne, the Cæsar. The play was uncut.

Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier. (See "Small Talk of the Week.")



## MARRIED ON A MOTOR-CAR:

AMERICA ANTICIPATED BY THE BIOSCOPE.



1. THE ELOPING COUPLE SET OFF IN THEIR CAR, AND, DISCOVERING THAT THEY ARE PURSUED,—
3. POINT OUT TO HIM THE FACT THAT THE PURSUERS ARE GAINING, AND ASK TO BE WED THEN AND THERE.
5. AND EVENTUALLY THE FORMER IS PERSUADED TO PERFORM THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY,—

2. PERSUADE, INDEED, ALMOST FORCE, A CLERGYMAN TO MOUNT THEIR CAR,—
4. THE CLERGYMAN HESITATES, BUT THE COUPLE ARE DETERMINED,—
6. AND EVEN TO JOIN IN THE LAUGH AGAINST THE IRATE PURSUERS.

From America comes news of the wedding of Miss Irene Dennart and Mr. Lawrence Damschert, who were married, according to telegraphic accounts, "while going at the rate of 40 miles an hour." A clergyman not being to hand, Magistrate Parker officiated. For much of the journey the car was chased by a bicycle policeman. Curiously enough, the enterprising managers of the Urban Bioscope anticipated a wedding of this nature some while ago, and the resulting film, of which we give some reproductions, is one of the best of their admirable series.—[Photographs by the Charles Urban Trading Co., Ltd., 48, Rupert Street, W.]

## HE WAS RIGHT—BUT LEFT!



INTERFERING OLD GENTLEMAN: Er—pardon me, Madam, but you're showing your ankle.

THE GIRL AT THE CROSS ROADS: Well, I've a perfect right.

INTERFERING OLD GENTLEMAN: So I see, Madam. And a perfect left, too!

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



MODEL REPARTÉE.



ARTIST (to refractory model): Do sit still! You are a little devil.

THE MODEL: Well, I'm not as bad as I'm painted, anyway.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



## WEEK-END PAPERS

By S. L. BENSUSAN.

*Thinning Out Rabbits.*

The necessity of thinning down the rabbits is one that cannot be overlooked at this season, and I am inclined to think that it is far more humane to destroy them now, in spells of sharp, cold weather, than to take them in the spring, when so many of the does are in young. Here, again, I am regarding the rabbits as vermin, and not as game. In the last-named capacity they are properly handled with the help of ferrets, which I think should always be muzzled. There is nothing more brutal than turning unmuzzled ferrets among rabbits when you are shooting. The sound of the gun frightens the average rabbit so much that he would rather remain in a hole and be eaten piecemeal than face the open after he has been fired at once. In theory, of course, a rabbit should not be missed. One should not fire unless he has the rabbit safe. In practice, every shooting man, even though he be an expert in dealing with ground-game, knows that a certain number of his rabbits will be wounded and escape to ground. They will be quite unable or unwilling to bolt, and it is inhuman to turn ferrets on to them.

*Netting Operations.* Snares are equally bad, unless they are put down by a very skilled hand. A clumsy snare will hold the rabbit anywhere except by the throat, and cause hours of cruel suffering. Steel traps are another abomination, and one is compelled to regret their use even against stoats and weasels. Where rabbits thrive in large numbers and it is necessary in the interests of the land that they should be destroyed, a very simple and effective method of catching them is provided by the use of rabbit-nets—long stretches of string netting about six feet high, coloured green and brown in alternate lengths of about twelve or fifteen feet. The method of using these nets demands nothing more than care to yield an abundant harvest, and clear the land of superfluous rabbits. When it is dark and the rabbits are feeding a good way from their burrows or warrens, and the wind is blowing away from the fields to the earths, the nets are taken very cautiously from the far side of the land to within

those who have put down the nets retire from the place as softly as possible, keeping well away from the scene of their immediate operations. They then make a wide detour, and enter the field leading to the warren from the far end. One man goes to one corner and another man goes to another. Each carries one end of a long piece of cord that stretches the length of the entire field. When they have reached their appointed position, both men light lanterns, and begin to move slowly towards the burrows. The rabbits see the lights and crouch; then, as the line comes right along the ground, it touches them and they get up and bolt as hard as they can for the warren. Between them and the warren lies the long stretch of net, into which they tumble headlong, entangling themselves hopelessly. They make no sound, and when the rope comes up to the net there is a big harvest awaiting the keeper and his assistants. A skilled man, who is waiting near the net with his finger on the top string, can give a fairly accurate guess about the number that have been captured, for every time a rabbit touches the net the top string thrills. The entire procedure is a perfectly silent one.



ÆSOP ADVERTISES BASS AT BRIXTON.

Opposite the George Canning Hotel at Brixton is a curious old statue, supposed to represent Æsop. It was being conveyed to the Crystal Palace (then in course of erection), where it was to have been placed in the Great Nave, when the trolley on which it had been placed broke down and deposited its load in the mire. As there was very great difficulty in resuming the journey, the then proprietor of the George Canning Hotel negotiated with the Palace authorities for the purchase of the statue, and in the end it was set up opposite his house. A tablet advertising Bass's ales has recently been placed on the pedestal.

Photograph by J. B. Twycross.

*The Poacher's Way.* Though this device is practised very extensively in the neighbourhood of large warrens, where it is imperative that the destructive little inhabitants should be kept within proper bounds in the interests of young corn, it is a favourite device with the poachers, who will make more in a night—if they can bring off a successful coup—than they could in a week of ordinary poaching work. Of course they have more difficulties to face. The carriage of nets and stakes about the countryside cannot be effected very easily, and it is necessary to have a cart in the immediate neighbourhood to carry off the ill-gotten gains at once. Where poachers use nets, they require at least four people to work them. One must be in charge of the cart, two must work the lines, and another must remain behind the nets, so that any hare that may fall in may be killed at once, for a hare's cry of alarm is very shrill and carries far on a quiet night, telling its story at once to any keeper within reasonable distance.



THESE ARE NOT HIEROGLYPHICS! A MOLE-CATCHER'S 600 VICTIMS.

Our photograph shows an old barn at West End, Hayes, Middlesex, used by an old mole-catcher as a store for the bodies of his catch and as a warning to vermin in general. Over 600 moles are nailed up as trophies, and these are being added to daily. The modern mole-catcher evidently does not agree with the old writer who said: "The molde, and other suche as diggeth lowe, Anoie hem not, in harde lande yf thai growe." He "anoies" them in whatever land they may be. Perhaps he is wise. Doubtless his occupation interests him, and he may as well make hay while the sun shines. His hunting-ground is not likely to be his much longer, if London grows as she is growing now. Already Hayes is very close to the suburbs, and any day the builder may see that it is good, and, so seeing, attempt to spoil it.—[Photograph by Brunell.]

a couple of yards of the earths, and are then spread out in front of the earths and staked down at short intervals. The stakes are not more than three or four feet high, so that the net has ample folds, and when the work has been completed—very quietly, of course—



OF INTEREST TO THE SPIRIT OF ROGER, EARL OF RUTLAND: THE BOGUS "HAMLET'S GRAVE."

The Danes perpetrate an amusing joke at the expense of relic-hunters who visit Elsinore. In the park adjacent to the Castle of Kronberg, associated with the melancholy Dane, is a mound, with a stone on top, inscribed "Hamlet's Grave." Every year the bogus cairn has to be built up afresh with slag refuse from the Elsinore glass-works, so much have the relic-hunters taken away. The Danes love to sit on the benches in the grove and watch and wait for victims for the trap. Nothing delights them more than to see the relic-hunter's start of glad surprise, and his furtive manoeuvres to pluck a stone from the memorial and slip it into his pocket unnoticed. Unfortunately, the guide-books now spoil sport by giving the show away. What does the spirit of Shakspeare—we beg pardon, of Roger, Earl of Rutland—think of this?—[Photograph by H. Archer.]

On this account, and also for the sake of not disturbing the rabbits, poachers will generally choose a night when there is a fairly high wind blowing towards the warren, so that they can set their nets up-wind without any sound reaching the feeding quarry.



# SWEET CAPTIVITY.

ANIMAL STUDIES IN SOME AMERICAN PARKS.



1. THE ESKIMO DOG REMEMBERS HIS EXPERIENCES WITH THE PEARY EXPEDITION AND SMILES.
2. THE BABY ALLIGATORS PROVE A HANDFUL.
3. THE BEARS BEG—
- 4 & 5. —AND INDULGE IN A LITTLE JIU-JITSU.
6. MASTER SQUIRREL VISITS AN OLD FRIEND—
7. —MAKES HIMSELF THOROUGHLY AT HOME—
8. —AND THEN DEPARTS TO TAKE A MEAL.

Photographs by Helen Van Eaton.

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

ONE of the most beautiful and desirable among the autumn books is "Famous Beauties of Two Reigns: Being an Account of Some Fair Women of Stuart and Georgian Times" (Nash), by Mary Craven. Mrs. Craven's part is simply and admirably done, but the distinction of the book is its remarkably fine series of photogravures. Very fitly, Elizabeth Linley, afterwards Mrs. Sheridan, stands for the frontispiece. Among the other beauties in the list are Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland; Louise Renée De Kerouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth; Molly Lepell, Lady Hervey; the beautiful Gunnings; Mrs. Abington, Anne Seymour Damer, Jane, Duchess of Gordon; Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire; and Mary Robinson, better known as "Perdita." Mr. Martin Hume contributes a thoughtful preface, in which he argues very plausibly that artists are influenced by a standard of attraction—that is, they try to approximate the portraits of their subjects to the prototype of the reigning beauty. Thus the "Beauty Room" at Hampton Court contains portraits of women of all sorts—fair and dark, virtuous and dissolute, stout and lean—and yet through them all the approximation to the prototype is evident, and gives to the whole of the galaxy a sameness which makes them appear to be all of one family. The prototype in this case is Henrietta Maria. Mr. Hume will be challenged for his view that in the portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds the same phenomenon occurs, but I believe he has good reason for the opinion. All Sir Joshua Reynolds' portraits contain faces with full eyes and a round full profile, and these characteristics were marked in the face of George III. and his family. The prototype in this case was very far from being beautiful, at least according to our present taste. But no doubt Reynolds' lady sitters and the thousands who imitated them were flattered by being supposed to approach the fashionable standard. When this tradition was on the wane there came the Gainsborough beauty, clad in diaphanous drapery and with sylvan surroundings.

The careers described by Mrs. Craven had many vicissitudes, and often closed sadly enough. When Charles II. died he was only fifty-four years of age, but his body was nothing but the husk of a man on whom debauchery and self-indulgence had done their worst. After Charles's death, Louise and the Duke of York were apparently on terms of friendship, but she thought it wiser not to remain in England, and she retired to Aubigny, where she settled down to play the part of Lady Bountiful. She was eighty-five when she died, a lonely woman, in Paris. Of all the picturesque figures in a picturesque Court, she was in many ways supreme.

Mary Lepell was beautiful and sweet, but she lost her heart to a strange lover. John Hervey was the most effeminate of men. He was an epileptic, and his favourite beverage was asses' milk. His livid

complexion was plastered with pink-and-white cosmetics. But he could be the most sensible and delightful companion when he chose, and was brilliantly clever. He had some feeling, for he was constantly at the bedside of Queen Caroline during the awful days that preceded her death. The poor woman must have valued her friend's attentions during the agony when her unfeeling husband told her that she "looked like a calf with its throat cut." Hervey had a dreary end. "The last stages of a mournful life," he wrote, "are filthy roads, and, like all other roads, I find the further one goes from the capital the more tedious the miles grow, the more rough and disagreeable the way." He died on Aug. 5, 1743, and, woman-like, his wife forgot his imperfections, and thought of him only as the young lover who wooed her in her happy girlhood. "I know—at least, I think—I can never be happy again," she wrote to an old friend.

Mrs. Abington, though a wonderfully clever actress, had a very cold heart, and is scarcely known to have done a generous thing. But she had the friendship of Dr. Johnson, and even when she grew stout she was able to make her hearers forget her personal defects, and only remember the genius that was still hers. With plenty of pluck, spirits, and a certain cold brilliancy, she held on her way unloved. In the end she spent most of her time playing cards, and was seen about covered with an ordinary red cloak. Her funeral was unattended; no mourner saw the last of one who had been so eagerly sought after in her time.

Jane, Duchess of Gordon was the fairest of the fair Maxwell daughters and was in love at seventeen with a young officer. He was ordered abroad, and presently the news came that he was dead. By-and-by Jane Maxwell was married to the Duke of Gordon. During the honeymoon, a letter arrived for her from her old lover. He was still living,

and was about at last to return and claim her. The highly strung, impressionable girl fainted with the letter in her hands. The Duke read the letter, and there is little doubt that this was the cause of the after-estrangement between them. She became a typical aristocrat, an ideal hostess, a generous friend, and a most devoted mother. But she was never happy as a wife, and as the years went on her troubles were many. But Mrs. Craven is justified in saying that, though she was not faultless, she used her advantages for good.

None of these women is now so dear as Elizabeth Linley. Her wonderful beauty, her angelic voice, and her sweet, unselfish temperament were unblemished, as it would seem, by any fault. There is more soul in her face than in any of the others. There is also that touch of melancholy, that "pensiveness," to use a pretty, old-fashioned word, which often forebodes an early death. Elizabeth died of consumption in 1792. She was thirty-eight. Elizabeth Linley and her beautiful sister are buried in Wells Cathedral. O. O.



THE DOG: Docked, by thunder!

DRAWN BY G. VERNON STOKES.



## BENJAMIN TROVATO!



GOLDENSCHWEIN (*who is continually interfering with everybody*): Ve do not dig out foxes vere I come from.  
 MASTER (*who can stand it no longer*): Dare say not, but we aren't chasing jackals round the walls of Jericho!

DRAWN BY LIONEL EDWARDS.

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## CONSOLATION.

BY NELLIE K. BLISSETT.

"If it's any consolation to either of us," Harley said, with a glance at the girl beside him, "I hear we've behaved splendidly."

The girl poked the gravel with the point of her parasol, and avoided his eye.

"I wonder," she reflected slowly, "whether you find it a consolation?"

"I'm wondering," he retorted, "whether you do."

"But what else," she questioned, with a touch of contempt, "could we have done?"

It was Harley's turn to poke the gravel.

"Well, the chief point in our favour," he explained, "seems to be that we didn't mope—in the middle of the season, with so many anxious hostesses depending upon the support of our brilliant and successful presence. We showed pluck. We didn't wear our mangled and bleeding hearts upon our sleeves, and retire into a corner to bewail our forsaken lot. Everyone admits, with extraordinary generosity, that we had every right to do so—but we didn't. No, we said—in effect—'Hang the faithless pair! They're not worth our tears'—and society is grateful to us accordingly."

He paused and looked at her with interest. She continued to poke the gravel.

"After all," she answered, "moping wasn't much good, under the circumstances. They were married. And—supposing things hadn't gone so far as that—they didn't want us. They took their own way out of the difficulty without consulting us. I think it would have been better if they had given us a chance of surrendering our rights to them willingly, but that's a mere detail."

She fell upon the gravel with renewed vigour. Harley watched her.

"Would you," he said at last, "have surrendered your—rights—in such a spirit of self-sacrificing readiness?"

"I wasn't Archie Lovell's gaoler," she retorted, a little haughtily. "I was merely the girl he was engaged to."

"Exactly," he rejoined with warmth. "That's what I told Angela Coventry—I mean, of course, Mrs. Lovell. They might at least have given us the chance of being generous."

"They chose," she said coldly, "to consider us their gaolers. They chose to make a violent escape from our—our custody. They assumed bolts and bars. . . . I always used to think elopements so romantic—in books. That was because I never considered the feelings of the people left behind. Now," she added, with a laugh, "I've been left behind myself—I know what it feels like."

"It isn't," Harley suggested, "the most gratifying of sensations."

"It isn't. And our only consolation," she declared with irony, "is to be told that we've behaved splendidly—we haven't moped!"

The gravel flew before the tip of her parasol. Harley looked thoughtfully at the ruin she was making.

"It hasn't," he admitted presently, "been my only consolation. I had another consolation, too."

"What was that?" she inquired with interest.

"Well—if you want to know—it was the fact that you were taking it so pluckily. If it hadn't been for your example—there was the ghost of a twinkle in his eye—"I almost think I should have been tempted to mope. Think of that!"

"My example!"

"Precisely. You carried it off so well that I had to—play up. We were both in the same dilemma—we were both cast for the ignominious rôle of The Forsaken. And I imagined, naturally, that it would be worse for you."

He cast a sharp glance at her. She looked fixedly at the gravel.

"It was worse for you—naturally," he repeated, with emphasis.

"I don't see exactly why," she said, in a low voice. "Go on."

"And I felt myself responsible, too, in a way. I felt that if I had been able to hold Angela, you wouldn't have lost Archie. But I wasn't able. If she ever cared for me, I wasn't able to make her keep on caring. . . . There was something wrong, somewhere, wasn't there?"

He paused for an answer. She shook her head.

"I don't believe," she said, with sudden frankness, "that she was half good enough for you—I never did."

"That's odd," he said, with a laugh, "because I've always doubted whether Archie was half good enough for you."

"The point is," the girl said seriously, "not that a person's good enough for you, but that you want him—or her. Isn't that it?"

"The point is," he returned, "that—as you said just now—they didn't want us."

"But you wanted her," she persisted.

He reflected for a moment.

"At any rate," he admitted cautiously, "I thought I did. I don't know whether I ought to ask, but you—you really did him the honour to want—him?"

"I . . . oh, I thought I did, too," she answered, "if it comes to that." There was a brief silence.

"I wonder," he remarked suddenly, "why we're not both heart-broken? We ought to be, you know. Hasn't it occurred to you as odd that we're not?"

"Aren't we?" she said, with rather elaborate indifference.

"Personally, I'm not—not a bit. I was at first. For twenty-four hours I was awfully hard hit. It isn't a nice trick to play a man, you know, to bolt with his best friend a fortnight before the wedding."

"It was, perhaps, better," she suggested, "than bolting a fortnight after the wedding."

"You couldn't expect me," he protested, "to see it in that cold-blooded and philosophical light. . . . No, I don't mind admitting that at first I was awfully hard hit. . . . Then I thought of you."

"Thanks." Her tone was dry. "Did the thought of me comfort you?"

"Well—I—I thought you'd be awfully hard hit too," he explained rather lamely.

"So I was at first," she admitted incautiously.

There was a pause. She forgot to torture the gravel.

"How long," he inquired delicately, "did it last?"

"It—?"

"The first agony," he said, with solemnity.

A smile crept into her eyes.

"About—about twenty-four hours—and half a minute," she confessed.

"I told you," he said triumphantly, "that it was worse for you than it was for me!"

"By half a minute," she retorted. "Then. . . ."

"Well?" he murmured.

"Oh—then I remembered you. But that didn't," she added hastily, "console me in the least. It made me worse."

"Worse!"

"I had to be sorry for you, as well as for myself. Don't you see?"

Her tone was a shade impatient. He reflected for a moment or two.

"If I'd known that," he said at last, "it would have made my recovery much more rapid. I should have felt it my duty"—there was a touch of laughter in his tone—"to avoid giving you more cause for distress than you had already. I should have felt that twenty-four hours of despair were exactly twenty-three hours and fifty-nine minutes too long. . . . I suppose," he hinted, "that we must concede the other minute to blighted affection?"

"Wouldn't it be more truthful," she suggested, "if we conceded it to—propriety?"

"I shouldn't have dared to mention propriety," he replied gaily; "but I can't deny that I thought of it. . . . After all, they didn't want us. Why in the world should we pay them the undeserved compliment of continuing—under such unpromising circumstances—to want *them*?"

"I shouldn't have been practical enough to put such an admirably sensible idea into words," she returned, smiling at the handle of her parasol, "but I must admit that it *did* occur to me."

"It would have helped me enormously," he declared, "if I could have supposed it possible that you might think like that."

"It seems to me," she returned, without an attempt at condemnation, "that you really weren't in need of any help. Your recovery was quite rapid enough as it was. . . . If it isn't the direst heresy to say so, I'm beginning to wonder whether you—whether you ever cared for Angela at all."

"If it isn't the most confounded impertinence on my part to hint such a possibility," he confessed softly, "I'm on the point of asking myself whether we were—perhaps—not absolutely desolated by the fact that they didn't want us?"

Her head drooped a little. There was laughter in her eyes.

"It's quite too extraordinary," she said, "but the possibility is in the act of occurring to me too."

He moved a shade nearer to her on the garden-seat.

"There was something wrong somewhere," he reminded her. "What was it? We weren't able to hold them, you know. We didn't know the reason at the time, or we should, of course, have set the poor things free. We didn't realise, either of us, that we couldn't hold them because we ourselves cared for—well, say, other people."

"Other people?"

"Say you . . . and me," he suggested vaguely. "I for you, and you for—"

"But in that case," she said, with delightful severity, "we're a pair of hypocrites. We haven't behaved splendidly at all—and it's no credit to us that we didn't mope. We—we're horrid shams."

He captured the parasol—and the hand that held it.

"I can't permit you," he declared "to abuse either of us. Don't say we were hypocrites. . . . At the worst, we only showed a natural talent for the extremely useful art of—Consolation!"

THE END.



"AND, DEPARTING, LEAVE BEHIND US  
FOOTPRINTS ON THE SANDS OF TIME."



THE TRAGEDY OF THE SAHARA.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

*N.B.—The Sherlock Holmeses among our readers will note whose footprints leave the meeting-place.*

# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

## THE FLIGHT OF A BUTTERFLY.

BY NELLIE K. BLISSETT.

HE sat staring at the letter in his hand, and it seemed to him that for a moment his brain refused to work, that his senses had left him. He had not meant to open it, he had not noticed this one letter to his wife which Calvert's momentary carelessness had brought in mistake to his desk instead of to that spindle-legged absurdity in the mauve boudoir at which Lady Everleigh was wont to wrestle fitfully with a correspondence which had long seemed to him frivolous and entirely unimportant. Her whole existence, indeed, struck him, when he thought of it, as a piece of exquisite frivolity. Her dresses, her dances, her dinners—pink, blue, or green, according to the whim of the hour—her bridge-parties, her race-parties, her endless, unmeaning little engagements of pleasure, or what she considered pleasure; her beauty, her charm, the very inflections of her clear, high voice, her thoughtless laughter. He was quite content that she should be frivolous, for of all things in the world he disliked the modern capable woman most bitterly. Indeed, he was serious enough himself to love the atmosphere of gaiety in which Lady Everleigh seemed always to move. It would not have amused him in the least to accompany her to her parties, or to cultivate her friends; but he liked to look up from his big desk at the radiant apparition which called a gay farewell to him from the doorway; he liked, as he sat at work, to think of her, admired and admiring, enjoying herself in her own way. He liked her to come in, laughing, at all unearthly hours of the night, to throw him scraps of careless gossip as she loosened her cloak. He was not a man who was given to self-analysis, but he knew now, as he sat there with the letter in his hand, how supremely content with his life he had been. He had had success, he had had—always—the sort of happiness he liked best; he had had his books, and his work, and his friends—Lady Everleigh frankly called most of them “snuffy.” And, in the middle distance, as it were, he had had Lady Everleigh herself.

He had been quite content also that she should occupy the middle distance, that she should be set a little way off from him. Perhaps he had never wanted anyone very near him. But now, with that letter in his hand, he felt suddenly as a man may feel who is wrecked on a desert island; he seemed suddenly to stand in the midst of a solitude that frightened him; he realised that the figure in the middle distance was poised for flight.

He glanced again at the letter. That Charles Campion should dare to write such a letter—the “Charlie” of Lady Everleigh's careless pleasures—filled him with speechless indignation. That he should dare to say that he, Campion, cared more for Lady Everleigh than her own husband did filled him with shocked astonishment. Worse than all, it was evident that Lady Everleigh was quite of Campion's opinion. Their plans were evidently laid. He looked again, forcing himself to understand the words written before him. Yes; to-night she was to start, ostensibly for the Hardens' dance, and her place in the middle distance of Everleigh's life would afterwards be empty for ever.

He laid the letter down, as though the touch of it hurt him. The key of the situation was in his hand, and he knew it. He could go to his wife with the letter in his hand—or he could go to Campion. In either case, things would be very unpleasant; and Lady Everleigh would certainly leave him in the end. He was not sure, as he sat there, that he wished her to stay. He was proud enough, in his own way.

Something fell softly on the writing-pad before him and began to move slowly across the white blotting-paper. It was a little blue butterfly, a country cousin come to town, which had taken refuge in the library, and had now awakened to the false dawn of the electric lamps. Everleigh watched it mechanically. It reached the edge of the desk, and then spread its wings of azure and silver and disappeared through the open window into the night beyond—the night of London, glaring with artificial light, alive with steps and voices, and the tinkle of hansom, the buzz of hooting motors. . . . There was a tap at the door, and Lady Everleigh came in. Her long white coat was unfastened, and the blue and silver of her dress seemed to burn with a pale flame in the silence of the big room. Everleigh thought suddenly of the butterfly, whirling away to destruction through the noisy perils of the London night, and, with an instinct he could not have explained, he covered Campion's letter with a book.

“You're going?”

“To the Hardens'—yes.”

She was pale, and the lie did not come easily. She tried to smile as she had so often smiled at him before—and the smile did not come easily, either. He saw it, and a faint hope woke in his heart.

“You want me to admire your frock?” he said steadily.

She came forward, with the ghost of her old gaiety.

“You don't know a thing about frocks, Bobby. You're so sensible and so clever—and I'm an awful silly little thing, and not half good enough for you.”

She stopped abruptly. Everleigh had heard the compunction in her tone. He sat very still, looking at her.

“Did you come to tell me that you—weren't half good enough for me?”

She shook out her blue-and-silver draperies with a movement which reminded him of the butterfly preparing for flight.

“Don't be silly, Bobby. Of course not. I came—I came—” She looked vaguely round the room, and he wondered whether she remembered that it was for the last time. “Oh—I suppose to say I'm off, you know. Bobby”—there was an odd sound in her voice, and she tried to force a laugh—“Bobby, if I never came back—if something—anything—happened, I wonder what you'd do. You'd have so much without me—your work, your success, your friends. I think you would get on very well.”

Everleigh looked at the book which hid Charles Campion's letter; he dared not look at her.

“I'm sorry you think so,” he said. “It's not true.”

“Isn't it? Oh, you're everything that's good and kind, Bobby, only I don't think I matter much to you. I think you'd do just as well without me. Of course—at first—” she paused for a second—“at first I meant to be so different. I meant to help you. . . . Don't laugh at me. . . . Of course I knew I wasn't clever, but I thought you might like to read me the things you wrote—to ask me if I liked them. . . . but you never did. I wanted to help you so. I got you some paper one day—but you never used it. And it was so pretty—such a lovely pink.”

“I couldn't use—pink paper,” Everleigh murmured.

“If I were a publisher, I should *jump* at anything written on that paper. . . . And, Bobby, one day when you were out I cleaned your typewriter for you—I thought you'd be so pleased—and next day you gave Robins notice for knocking it down and spoiling it, though he swore he hadn't, and sent for a new one.”

There was a long silence. Everleigh's eyes were still upon the book which hid Campion's letter. He began to understand why that letter had been written, why Campion had said that Lady Everleigh's husband did not care for her. . . . What could he say to her, how could he make her understand? The words that usually came so easily to him would not come now. He thought of the useless pink paper, of the ruined typewriter—and was dumb.

“I shall be late,” he heard her saying. “Good—good night, Bobby.”

She was almost at the door when his voice reached her. It had a sound which startled her.

“Eva—come here—come back. I want you.”

She came back, obediently, like a child, with wide eyes and a wondering face. He looked at her. He thought of Campion's letter—of the blue butterfly whirling out into the night. . . .

“You want me?” she said slowly. “Not really, Bobby?”

“Yes. I want you to do something for me—to-morrow morning. Will you?”

“To-morrow morning?”

“Yes. I want you to clean my typewriter—the new one. And I have something I want to read to you. Will you promise to come?”

“To-morrow!” she repeated. He saw the colour sweep over her pale face—the wonder and remorse in her eyes. “Oh, Bobby—you do want me after all—and I—I don't know how to tell you, but—”

“Don't tell me,” he said. “Run away to your dance, dear, and enjoy yourself. We've gone wrong somehow, Eva—we've made a mess of life, and it's my fault; but we'll make a fresh start to-morrow.”

Long after she had gone Everleigh looked up. Through the open window, out of the noisy London night, came floating, unharmed and unafraid, a scrap of blue and silver, and alighted once again on his writing-pad, and folded—contentedly—its fairy wings of hope. And Everleigh looked at it with eyes that saw it through a mist. “The gods have sent a good omen,” he said softly.

For he knew that another butterfly would come back out of the night, as this had come.

THE END.





## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE interesting experiment Miss Lena Ashwell has recently made in New York, where she alternated the parts of Mrs. Dane and Lady Eastney in "Mrs. Dane's Defence" with Miss Margaret Anglin, the original representative of the former character in America, has naturally revived interest in a custom which has practically fallen into disuse since, some twenty years ago, Henry Irving and Edwin Booth alternated the parts of Othello and Iago at the Lyceum. At one time this interchange of leading parts was not uncommon, as readers of theatrical history are aware. Other characters similarly dealt with have been Macbeth and Macduff, and Pierre and Jaffier in Otway's now unknown play, "Venice Preserved," while at one time, at the Adelphi, Mr. Hermann Vezin and Mr. Henry Neville alternated Master Walter and Clifford in "The Hunchback." On another occasion at Sadler's Wells Mr. Vezin and Mr. Charles Warner alternated Macbeth and Macduff. On the opening night Mr. Warner played Macbeth, and in the fight at the end of the play, as they were using swords without basket handles, he cut Mr. Vezin over the middle joint of the index-finger, the wound going nearly down to the bone, and making the finger stiff for a considerable time afterwards. A few nights after the positions were reversed: Mr. Vezin's sword slipped and Mr. Warner got wounded.

"You look like a Botticelli picture, and you ought to be framed and hung in a museum of fine art." Those words were spoken by M. Carolus Duran, the great painter, when he saw Mrs. Brown-Potter in the Juliet dress which he had designed for her. Interest in the artist's words is recalled by the fact that Mrs. Brown-Potter is once again wearing this dress, for at Leicester this week she is playing Juliet, reduced not to "the two hours' traffic of the stage," to use the words of the prologue, but to half an hour; though, by a careful arrangement, she manages to retain the main thread of the plot. In this novel experiment Mr. Esme Percy is the Romeo.

The Duke of York's, whose doors are closed this week, will reopen on Tuesday evening with "Peter Pan," in which Mr. Gerald Du Maurier and Miss Hilda Trevelyan will appear in their original parts of the Pirate King and Wendy. On the first production, it will be remembered that Mr. Du Maurier also played Mr. Darling, but this year he surrenders it to Mr. Marsh Allen, while Miss Sybil Carlisle will be Mrs. Darling. Peter Pan himself will be acted by Miss Pauline Chase, who a couple of years ago played one of the smaller parts, and will be remembered not merely by reason of her beauty, but by the grace

and vigour of her bolster-dance in the second act. One of the actors who will be missed is little Miss Ela Q. May, whose imperturbability never failed to make a deep impression on every audience. Young as she is, she has felt the pressure of the hand of inevitable Time, and has had to learn the bitter lesson which sooner or later comes to every actress—though generally later than sooner—that she is no longer able to look her part. Little Miss May has outgrown the possibilities of the character she created, but she will, no doubt, find compensation in the fact that her charm has been so recognised that she is to play Wendy when the play is produced in Manchester on Monday of next week.



A YOUNG CONJURER OF WHOM MORE SHOULD BE HEARD: MR. LESLIE LAMBERT.

Mr. Lambert, who is a nephew of Mr. Frank Lambert, the well-known composer, was educated at Rugby. Six years or so ago he became interested in sleight of hand, and began to practise incessantly. Two years ago he accepted his first professional engagement, and since then he has met with much success. At the end of last season he had the honour of appearing before the Princess of Wales and other members of the Royal Family.

Photograph by Bassano.

Distinguished in no ordinary degree will be the next performance of the Pioneers, which is to take place on Sunday evening at the Royalty. In the first place, the play, "On the Side of the Angels," has for its author Mr. W. L. Courtney, whose "Kit Marlowe" was revived by Mr. Alexander at the special matinée last Friday; and in the second, the cast is one which could not contain better-known names if it were to be produced for a run at a West End theatre. There are—*absit omen*—thirteen characters; and among the actors engaged are Mr. Norman McKinnel, Mr. Matheson Lang, Mr. Arthur Playfair, Mr. George Bealby, Mr. Daniel McCarthy, Mr. A. Vane Tempest, Miss Granville, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Miss Agnes Thomas, Miss Eily Malton, Miss Mabel Beardsley, and Miss Florence Haydon.

The extraordinary success of Sir Charles Wyndham's recent revival of "David Garrick" has created a demand for the play in some of the leading provincial centres. To satisfy this Sir Charles has converted them into what we call in the Green-Room "one-night stands," though in the present instance

"one-day stands" would be a more fitting title, since the performances are given in the afternoon. Starting at Manchester, and acting at Liverpool on Monday, and in Glasgow on Tuesday, Sir Charles, with Miss Mary Moore and the members of his company, is at Edinburgh to-day, and, going south, will play at Newcastle to-morrow, at Leeds on Friday, and at Nottingham on Saturday. The most applicable comment on such an undertaking is that expressed in Macbeth's well-known line, "The labour we delight in physics pain," for the fatigue of acting and travelling every day is

great. If only Sir Charles could be induced to discuss analytically the way in which the different towns receive the various points of the play an exceedingly interesting commentary on the differences of the audiences would be the result.

Miss Annie Forsyth.

Miss O'Hagan.

Mrs. Roche.

Mrs. Eustace Lonergan.



Miss Macgregor.

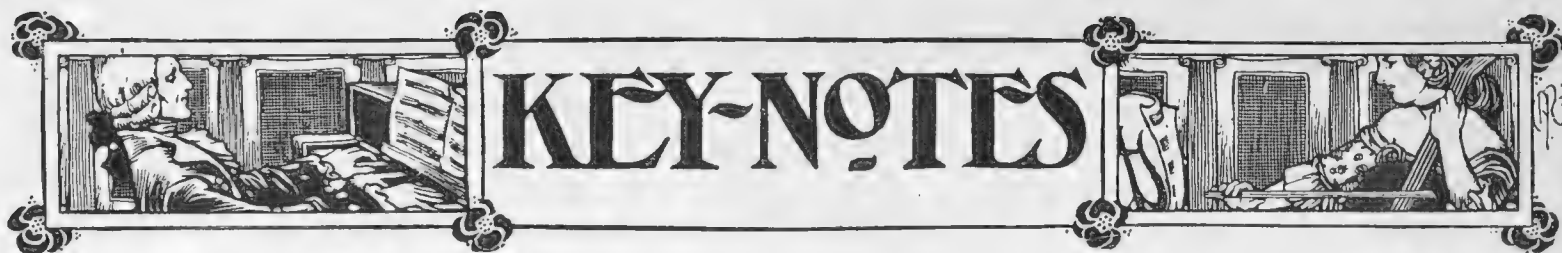
Miss Hodgson. Baroness de Voynish (Mrs. Moyle O'Connor). Miss Doris Mitchell.

Miss Bayly.

SOCIETY. "FOLLIES": SOME LADIES WHO ARE APPEARING AS FOLLIES IN THE AMATEUR PRODUCTION OF "HUMPTY DUMPTY" AT THE SCALA THEATRE.

Yesterday (Tuesday) was produced at the Scala Theatre, in aid of the Kensington General Hospital, a fantastic fairy comedietta, "Humpty Dumpty," adapted and written by Mr. A. C. G. Grylls, F.R.G.S., and set to music by Mr. Hubert Colegrave. In this, Sir Simeon Stuart, Bt., plays King Rubicundo. The piece is being presented again to-day and on Thursday, and before it is given a children's play, "Under the Greenwood Tree," written by Major Philip Trevor, and played by two boys and five girls of his name.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



THE sensation in the London musical world, during the past week, was the farewell concert given by Madame Adelina Patti. It took place at the Albert Hall, and the crowds that gathered on the occasion probably made up a unique assembly. For the present writer's own part, he has never seen the enormous hall so completely filled; only a very few stalls were vacant. It was understood that these had been sold but not filled. Patti sang magnificently; her middle notes still retain all that richness and all that ripeness which have made her so famous, in conjunction with the more florid manner of her upper register. In that lovely song, "Pur dicesti," she once more showed how careful and wonderful an artist she is by her musical phrasing, and also by her perfection of technique. One has often had occasion to comment upon her singing of Mozart's music, but there is possibly no young singer of the present time who could not afford to take a lesson from the manner in which she rendered "Voi che sapete" from "Le Nozze di Figaro." The audience demanded encore after encore, until her manager was forced to appear upon the platform and to inform the house that it was impossible for Madame Patti to do more, even on such an occasion as this. Tosti's "La Serenata," Arditi's "Il Bacio," "Comin' through the Rye," "Home, Sweet Home," and other songs were given by her, and showed that the passage of years has made very little difference to her powers of general musical expression. Mr. Ben Davies, on the same occasion, sang a ballad by Guy d'Hardelot, entitled "The Garden of Love," which he gave finely, and, being encored, he sang with much emotional feeling, "Come into the Garden, Maud." Sarasate also played in his inimitable manner on this occasion, and Madame Ada Crossley gave fine assistance, while Mr. H. L. Balfour presided at the organ. A word must be said concerning Mr. Wilhelm Ganz, who, as Madame Patti's accompanist for many years, again showed his sympathy with her vocal methods.

M. Victor Maurel gave a recital a few days ago at the Bechstein Hall, in which he was assisted by Miss Lilian Mackenzie Fairfax and Signor Caffetto, the latter of whom has had his voice trained by M. Maurel himself. The concert proved to be an exceedingly interesting one; perhaps the most engrossing series of songs given by M. Maurel was a set of Schumann's ballads, which were sung with perfect taste and with a dramatic art which M. Maurel alone could give to it. Another feature of his concert was his singing of Mr. Isidore de Lara's "La Chanson du Grain." Mr. de Lara, despite all the prejudice which in certain quarters—and, so far as one can understand, for no reason whatsoever—has at times steadily gone against him in this country, has now finally asserted himself as a real artist in the musical world, and the second stanza of this particular composition is full of



SIGNOR CARUSO'S FAMILY: THE GREAT TENOR'S SONS.

Photograph by Frederick Staples.

beauty and significance. M. Maurel seemed to understand the essence of Mr. de Lara's meaning, and despite certain mannerisms, which after all are highly dramatic and therefore appropriate, sang it with a strong feeling for not only its melody but also its recitative. In a somewhat second-rate ballad by K. Heron-Maxwell, Mrs. Fairfax sang sufficiently well, and in a further ballad, which was substituted instead of that by Mr. Clifton Bingham, "Only One Little Heart," she was also successful.

One of the extraordinary characteristics of M. Maurel's versatility is to be found in the way he has conquered the English accent, in so

far that he sang a ballad by Guy d'Hardelot, "You and Love," which had been expressly written for him, with scarcely any foreign accent, and with certainly most beautiful phrasing. One cannot say honestly that the work is anything greater than one of the common order of ballad songs; but M. Maurel assuredly made it as distinguished as it could possibly be. His keen sense of humour and of drama was brought out most effectively in the song entitled "I Will Give You the Keys of Heaven," excellently well arranged by Mr. Fuller Maitland. The final stanza especially was of fun all compact. In Mr. de Lara's lovely "Rondel de l'Adieu" and "Des Soirs d'Amour," beautifully accompanied by himself, M. Maurel achieved another singular success. Signor Caffetto sang in the true Italian style, but he should not have chosen the "Lenzlied" from the first act of "Die Walküre" for interpretation. His manner is not precisely suited to this kind of musical composition.

At the Æolian Hall, two or three days ago, Mr. Richard Buhlig gave a Pianoforte Recital which was patronised by a numerous audience. Mr. Buhlig has this particular distinction, that he thoroughly understands the music of Schubert; he played four "Impromptus" by that master wonderfully well. Mr. Buhlig has obviously a classical feeling for music, in preference to the romantic side of his art. His playing of Beethoven's "Sonata Appassionata" was given in strictly correct form, while, at the same time, he contrived to infuse into the music a sentiment of beauty which was altogether desirable. At the same hall, on the evening, Miss Irene Scharrer gave a pianoforte recital. She interpreted a Sonata by Mr. Benjamin Dale, a work which is not only in itself musicianly, but which, in the hands of so capable a player as Miss Scharrer, is shown to its best advantage. It is clear that Mr. Dale does not wish to restrain his musical thought within any narrow circle, and one may trust, in the interests of that young school of English music which is now coming so much to the forefront, that Mr. Dale will make progress with his art, and that he will deserve all the praise which not only his present accomplishment deserves, but which a fine future achievement may merit. COMMON CHORD.



SIGNOR CARUSO'S WIFE: A MINIATURE OF MADAME CARUSO.

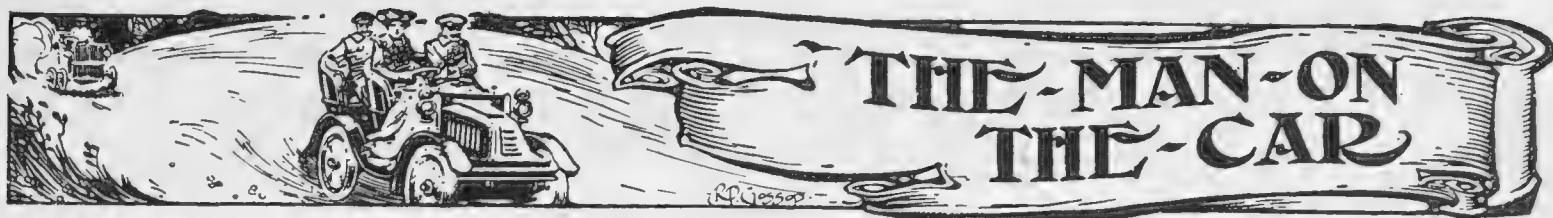
From the Miniature by Miss Maria Eaton.

Photograph by Frederick Staples.

#### SIGNOR CARUSO AND HIS FAMILY AS SITTERS.

We are enabled to reproduce on this page, by the courtesy of the artist, a miniature of Madame Caruso by Miss Maria Eaton, an exhibitor at the Royal Academy and a member of the Society of Miniaturists. Miss Eaton has made miniatures of many celebrities, including Mr. George Bernard Shaw, Herr Wilhelm Backhaus, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Harvey, Father Bernard Vaughan, Mr. John Sargent, Mr. Maurice Farkas, and Mr. Henry Wood. Signor Caruso sat to her some while ago, and was so pleased with the miniature of himself that he promptly arranged that his wife and his sons should also give sittings. Miss Eaton found the great tenor a most courteous and considerate subject. "He seemed," she writes in a letter describing her experiences, "a devoted husband and fond father, being photographed playing with his children, and also in company with his wife over and over again." Miss Eaton's studio is at 5, Adelaide Road, Hampstead.





"TEN YEARS OF MOTORS AND MOTOR-RACING"—GREAT RACES OF THE PAST—A SIMPLE RATING FOR PETROL-ENGINES—ROAD-SIGNALS—THE FRENCH SHOW—THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE CHANGE-SPEED LEVER.

IT is doubtful whether any book on motors and motoring more interesting than Charles Jarrott's "Ten Years of Motors and Motor-Racing" (E. Grant Richards) has seen the light recently. Whether Jarrott discusses the "Very Early Days"—and he gives one of the best accounts of that ten-year-old celebrated Brighton run I have ever read—or indulges in graphic descriptions of his own big car-racing experiences, he "just holds" all the time, and succeeds in making his book a pleasure to read from cover to cover. His early motor-cycle racing stories read like romances, so full are they of hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field. The perusal of the chapter on "Motor-Racing as a Sport" will convince even the most prejudiced that, in Jarrott's racing days at least, to get a racing-car safely home meant a great deal more than just sitting behind a wheel and holding the car on the road while the engine did the rest. After graphically detailing the incidents of a wild scurry from one Continental capital to another, he says, "The glorious uncertainty of everything, capped by the intoxicating exhilaration of speed, would fascinate the most hardened sceptic."

The story of the ever-memorable Paris-Berlin race in 1901—when Jarrott drove a Panhard car bearing the ill-fated number 13, but painted green to balance the ill-luck that that numeral is supposed to bring in its train, and finished eighth, after having been twenty-fifth at Aix-la-Chapelle—is grandly told, and whets one's appetite for the story of the Circuit du Nord, May 1902, when second honours were gained by him, with Harvey Du Cros junior as his mechanician.

The Automobile Club has at last realised the desire—nay, demand—that has existed for some time past for a simple formula which would serve as a rating for internal-combustion engines used in the propulsion of road-carriages—that is, the single acting four-cycle type with which petroleum-spirit, or petrol, is used. Such a rating is to enable the public to arrive at an approximate idea—it can only be approximate—of the horse-power of any given engine in comparison with others. The only accurate method is, of course, the brake-test, but the average individual cannot trifle with such things. Therefore, the Club tells him that if he will multiply the diameter of his piston by itself, which is squaring it, and multiply that result by the number of cylinders, and divide that total by two-and-a-half, he will get quite near enough.

So long as motorists are objects of persecution on the part of prejudiced country squires who are also magistrates, so long will it be necessary for them to hold together for mutual assistance and

protection. With a plurality of Ishmaels there is always combination, hence the Automobile Association, which has done, is doing, and, police appeal cases notwithstanding, will continue to do good work on the road. But motorists who drive in infected—police-infected—districts, should not depend wholly upon the Association scouts, but

should take steps to help themselves, and at once become acquainted with and use the simple system of signals lately suggested by that ardent worker in the cause, Mr. Walter Gibbons. Here are the three signs: No. 1. Hand raised to cap, means "All well on road just passed." No. 2. Right arm extended at full length from the shoulder means "Caution advised for the next mile." No. 3. Hand held up at right angles from the elbow, palm to the front, means "Stop, please, I have something to tell you."

By the time these words see the light the great French show will have been opened nearly a week, and we shall know just what the leading French makers who do business on this side of the Channel kept back from Olympia—that is, if they kept back anything. Seeing that this country is for the present their best market, they would not be wise to do any such thing, for nowadays the Olympia Show sufficeth the large majority of intending automobile purchasers in this country. But nevertheless it is whispered that in several cases the 1906 patterns were shown at Olympia, the 1907 types and innovations being reserved for the Palais de l'Industrie.

But whichever show takes pride of place for mechanical excellence, there is no denying that our neighbours will simply walk over us in the matter of artistic decoration and lighting. What shall we think of those depending, tag-tailed extinguishers which hung in the stuffy atmosphere of Olympia when we contemplate the gorgeous *mise-en-scène* at the Champs Elysées?

It may be that the change-speed lever is to disappear, the movement and power necessary to change speed up and down being supplied to some device, operated at the will of the driver, by the exhaust pressure from the engine. I hear that something of the kind has already been done, and that it is to be fitted in connection with a neat form of differential change-speed arrangement. With any apparatus of the kind it seems to me that the gear-wheels of all the speeds must always be in mesh, and the power-operated apparatus concerned only with locking up any two of them to the

drive. A magnetic form of engaging gears is also discussed, and should this arrangement prove practical it will be only necessary to touch a button to change speed. It is the transmission gear and its fitments, and the carburetter that offer the largest fields for progress. The reciprocating internal-combustion engine is nearly as perfect as human skill can make it.



MRS. LEWIS WALLER AS MOTORIST: THE POPULAR ACTRESS, AND HER DAUGHTER, MISS MARY WALLER, ON HER CAR.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas.



LORD DE CLIFFORD AND LADY DE CLIFFORD (FORMERLY MISS EVA CARRINGTON), ON THEIR 40-50 H.P. BROUHOT.

The romantic marriage of Lord de Clifford and Miss Eva Carrington, of Mr. Seymour Hicks's "Bluebell" company, is still fresh in most people's recollection. Since their quiet wedding the young peer and his bride have enjoyed a long honeymoon, much of it spent in motoring, for they are both enthusiastic in praise of the horseless carriage, and Lady de Clifford—who, by the way, is one of our tallest peeresses, for she is over six feet in height—is quite as expert a driver as is her young husband.

Photograph by Bassano.

# THE WORLD OF SPORT

LORD DOWNE—PINCHED PRICES—SHARES.

THE Jockey Club have a very fine Steward in Lord Downe, who made a rousing speech at the dinner of the Gimcrack Club.

His Lordship is a practical sportsman who keeps his eyes wide open, and he does not hesitate to speak out. Lord Downe's caution to the jockeys should bear good fruit. The Stewards are determined to put down unfair riding at all costs, and the rough riders are in for a bad time. It must, however, be clearly understood that any jockey has a right under the rules of racing to cross over to the rails, provided he is sufficiently far in front of his opponents—that is, on circular courses; and I am afraid that the jockey who failed to do this would soon find himself without mounts. On the other hand, the Stewards desire that all races should be fairly contested, and that the younger jockeys should not be hectored by the old hands. Luckily, our apprentices are nowadays too 'cute to pull out so as to allow the older jockeys to get through; while they have been taught to try and win easily and not cut the finish too fine, as was often done in races run no longer than ten years back. Lord Downe has told in plain language the penalty for evildoers, and now the jockeys have only to do right to continue to hold their appointments. But there is the starting question yet to be tackled. We often see the starter waiting several minutes to give an unruly horse a chance, with the result that the brute gets off first and wins easily. I contend that any animal that has delayed the start more than, say, five minutes should be put on a back mark and not be allowed to come anywhere near the tape, and I would penalise him five yards for every time he upset the field. If this were the law, we should soon hear the last of troublesome horses at the gate. In any case, I would fine the trainer for bringing a horse to the post that was not perfectly drilled at the gate.

It may not be generally known, but it is a fact nevertheless, that the majority of the bookmakers lose money at laying horses under National Hunt Rules. They stand up to oblige their small punters who follow racing the year round, but they often find themselves tied

They are generally lucky enough to bet round on the majority of the races, as the small punters have so many choices. Thus it is remarkable that the professionals in the silver ring thrive in the winter, while the traders in Tattersall's ring do badly as a rule. The starting-price men, too, are badly hit occasionally over the winners of big hurdle-races and steeplechases, and while I dare not suggest that owners sometimes run half-fit horses themselves, and back other people's, it looks very much like it at times. I remember the case of an owner who, many years ago, ran three horses in one race at a little hunt meeting. He put £50 on one on the course, and, naturally, this made the animal a very hot favourite. A stable companion won, and it transpired next day that the owner had put £100 on that horse away, and got 10 to 1 for his money. I do not say that this sort of thing is general, but it has been done, and the starting-price bookies know it. However, it is not possible to put a big sum on any horse away from the course nowadays, though the professional backers, who have agents at work in all the large towns in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, can occasionally lift a large sum in the aggregate, and thereby defeat the pinched-price business so prevalent on the course.

I notice that many holders of racecourse shares are selling just now, probably because they want the money. The Park meetings around London are bound to be good paying properties for many years to come, on account of the big subscriptions they receive from club members. I am told that the clubs at Sandown, Kempton, and Hurst Park are going very strong, and no wonder, seeing how easily the courses are get-at-able from London; and now that motoring has become so fashionable, these meetings are certain to benefit largely. The electric trams have helped the Sunbury and Molesey enclosures a great deal, and will help even more in the future. The Sandown Club ought to make a lot out of the August Bank Holiday fixture if they make arrangements to cater for a record crowd, for it is just on the cards that, given fine weather, quite 40,000 people will go to the meeting. I notice that Sandown pays 7 per cent. on a capital that is, in my opinion, much too high. Kempton, on a much smaller capital, pays 35 per cent., while Hurst Park regularly pays 10 per cent.—the maximum allowed under the new rule of the Jockey Club, which does not apply to the older meetings. This company could pay the maximum without any trouble, and this may have weighed with the stewards of the Jockey Club in transferring the August Bank Holiday fixture from Molesey to Esher; and while the change may benefit Sandown, it certainly will not affect the dividend allowed to be paid by the Hurst Park Syndicate. I presume that the new race-track to have been started at Wembley Park has been abandoned. The Alexandra Park meeting is going strong, and the same can be said of Lingfield. The Folkestone shares could be bought cheaply, but this meeting would soon be made to pay if the club's membership grew a little more; and if the executive are fortunate enough to get a visit from the King in the near future, this may follow.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our second "City Notes" page.



"THE SQUIRE"—MRS. CHEAPE, OF BENTLEY MANOR, MASTER OF THE BENTLEY HARRIERS.

The number of lady Masters of Hounds increases year by year, but among them all Mrs. Cheape, of Bentley Manor, certainly retains her supremacy and popularity. She is known in three counties as "The Squire," and no sportsman shows better sport than this energetic and clever woman. She started the Bentley Harriers fourteen or fifteen years ago, and her pack now numbers some twenty-two couples, with which she hunts a tract of difficult country, comprising a portion of Worcestershire, Gloucestershire, and Warwickshire. Mrs. Cheape is also known as a remarkable judge of hounds, and she has bred several prize-winners at her beautiful estate near Redditch.

Photograph by Whitlock.



THE ONLY LADY EX-MASTER OF OTTER-HOUNDS: MRS. WALTER CHEESEMAN.

Mrs. Cheeseman has owned and hunted the Crowhurst Otter Hounds for the past three seasons. This year she has decided to retire, and she has presented the pack to the Committee.

Photograph supplied by J. Bristow-Noble.

up with a one-horse book, and that horse the winner. The layers try and curtail their losses by offering pinched prices, and it is said that at some of the little meetings a £10 note would turn a four-to-one chance into an even-money one. It should be added that these remarks do not apply to layers in the cheap rings at big meetings.



## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

WEDDING bells as well as Christmas chimes are in the air just now. Four festive functions of the sort have come within my range of dissipations this week, and at each the prosperous coincidence occurred of a canteen of silver from Mappin and Webb's, presented by affectionate friends or well-wishing comrades or respectful tenantry, as the case might be; but always that silver canteen, and always from Mappin and Webb's. It would seem as if there were only one shop to go to for such solid possessions; and, as a matter of fact, that is what many people seem to think. At the moment, Mappin and Webb's Oxford Street branch is particularly rich in novelties, and a few sketches of special articles suitable and desirable for Christmas presents are shown on this page. There are prettily engraved silver vases, which are always useful for dinner or occasional-table; candlesticks, of which one can never have too many; a graceful style of cake or bread-basket with plain, polished inner surface and charmingly engraved edges; and that always useful friend, a tantalus, which checks the illicit thirst of servants, and conserves one's brandy and whisky for their destined consumption. This one shown, with two well-engraved bottles, is a neat, handy design, eminently appropriate for a Christmas present. Silver belts are always a joyfully received girl's present. The neat tortoiseshell-and-silver date-rack appeals to sporting and letter-writing folk equally. In noticeably better style than the ordinary photo-frame of custom is the polished and engraved original of the sketch.

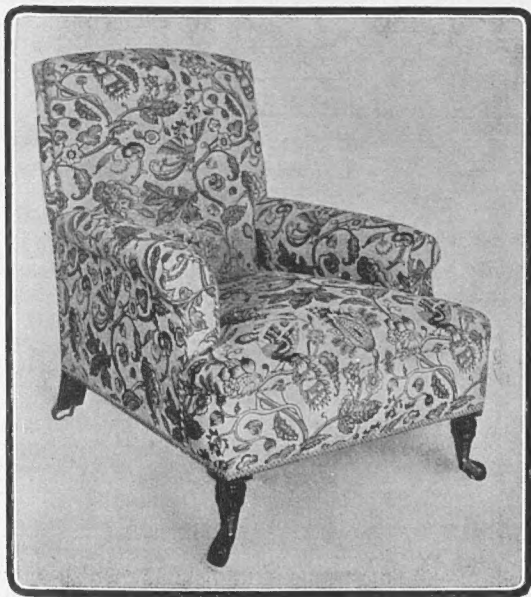
Bridge-lovers will appreciate handsome card and marker boxes in solid silver, with court cards on lid to indicate their purpose, while smokers — may one say of both sexes? — might equally rejoice at the presentation of this smart smoker's lamp and tray in combination. Mappin and Webb have issued a neat little booklet of Christmas presents, which is obtainable equally from the Regent Street, Victoria Street, and the Oxford Street shops. It contains many

beaten silver, chased and inlaid silver, enamelled silver, wired silver, and so on, each represented in ornamental as well as domestic plate, in a hundred differently attractive kinds of Christmas present. Two beautiful boxes shown on page 27 of the catalogue take the form of a chased trinket-box and a pierced pot-pourri box, while a

varied collection of clocks in all sizes and shapes forms the last alluring page of reference in Mappin and Webb's excellent roll-call of Christmas gifts.

The manners of different eras are reflected in nothing more than in the furniture of each period. In the stately fauteuils and *chaises longues* of the three Louis we can recall the formal, somewhat aloof tone of that curtseying, hand-kissing, serenade-singing time. In the straight-backed Chippendale of our great-grandmothers, or the rigid, early Victorian horsehair of their daughters' youth, it is easy to realise how very erect one had to sit, mentally and physically, in order not to fail in the precision which good manners of those days required. Now we lounge unfeignedly, unreservedly, admittedly, and take our ease, everyone, in the softest, most spring-seated, hair-

stuffed armchairs we know of. Messrs. Heal and Sons, who have ruffled it in Tottenham Court Road since 1818, are now the accredited purveyors and providers of luxuriously comfortable chairs and couches *par excellence*, and anyone feeling impelled to do something really nice for a friend this Christmas cannot more bountifully bestir himself than by sending him a Heal armchair forthwith. One illustrated



A CAPITAL LOUNGE CHAIR IN CRETONNE, AT MESSRS. HEAL AND SON'S, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

novel and attractive items, as well as details of articles of daily use in new and delightful form. For instance, the application of a Sheraton style of decoration to silver, while absolutely new, is also quite attractive. Then variations are made by hammered silver,



ARTISTIC AND USEFUL PRESENTS AT MESSRS. MAPPIN AND WEBB'S LONDON ESTABLISHMENTS.



THE DEEP "DIVAN" CHAIR AT MESSRS. HEAL AND SON'S, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

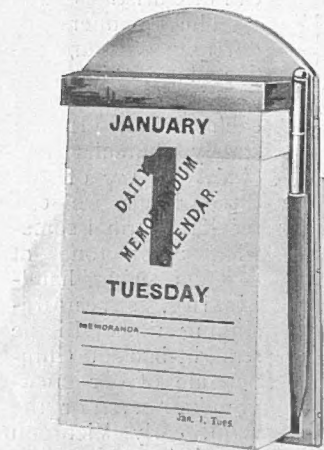
there is the Bedford, quite inexpensive, and a charming shape for bedrooms; while the rack-back chair, of which Heal and Son make a specialty, owns a movable, well-upholstered back, which is adjustable at all points without being in the least ungainly. A whole series of inviting



Chesterfields spreads itself before the visitor (is comfort ever so completely achieved as in a Chesterfield?), while rows of luxurious bedsteads remind one of the household word this firm has become in all that concerns bedrooms and their *ameublement*.

Really inexpensive but solidly good silver-ware and jewellery can, without doubt, be obtained from the old-established firm of T. and J. Perry, 224, Regent Street, whose Regent Street business has been known to Londoners since as far back as 1828. Since then many changes have taken place in the fashioning of plate and the mounting of jewels. While preserving the best of old traditions, Messrs. Perry keep admirably abreast of these quickly moving times, and their catalogue illustrates an embarrassing richness of choice in all details of their trade, both domestic and personally decorative. Amongst the novelties which will appeal to everyone of good taste are some charming

silver card-cases, called the Adam, which are plain, polished, or in dull silver, enriched with Flaxman designs and figures in relief. A most useful silver sewing-set in folding leather case forms a dainty little "housewife," to encourage tidiness amongst the recipients of Christmas gifts. Marvellously elegant boxes for trinkets, jewels, and bonbons are shown, while Perry's designs in toilet silver—brushes, combs, boxes, etc.—quite put to shame the "Brummagem" dressing-table set of "cheap and nasty" manufacture commonly seen. A new oval carriage-clock is very elegant, and a vase-shaped smoker's spirit-lamp with Wedgwood design in raised silver is indeed a worthy present for friend or relative. Old Irish silver has been copied with great success,

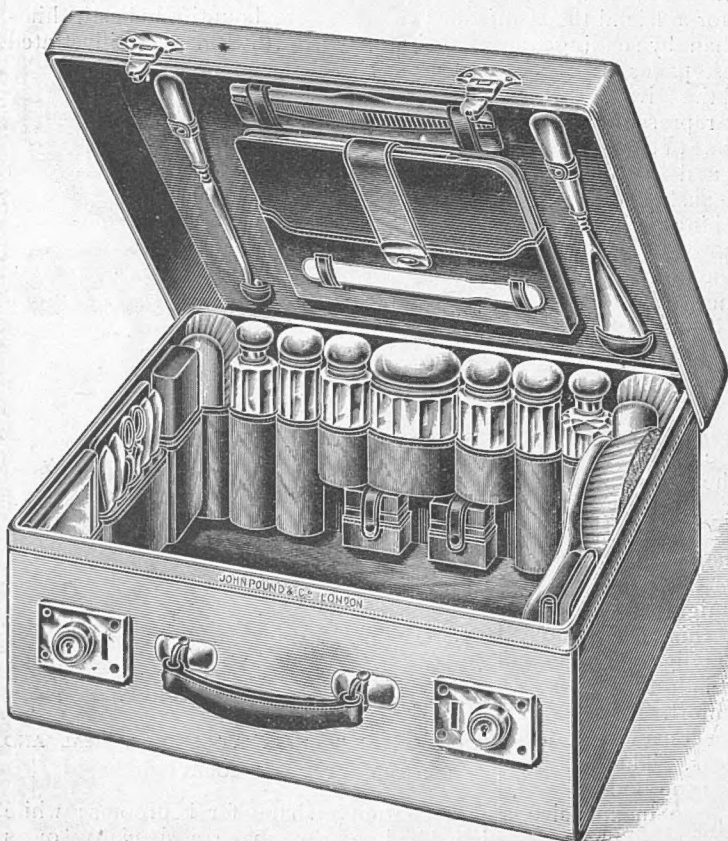


THE LATEST SILVER DATE-RACK  
AT PERRY'S.

and the ancient "mazer" in use amongst Hibernian forebears is reproduced in a series of exquisite vases and flower-bowls, accurately representing the chaste, severe style in vogue across the Irish Channel hundreds of years ago. The new long-handled silver lemon-squash spoon acts, also, instead of the common straw of custom, and is obtainable of Perry's for 4s. 6d. Excellent reproductions of Tudor and Queen Anne tea and breakfast sets also arrest admiration. Gold purses of every shape and size, and one and all cheap, will be found at Perry's, and some quite new designs in gold strap-bracelets, with pretty beaded edges, are sure to have a vogue as gifts. Their exclusive designs in gold bar-brooches with pendent jewels must be seen, as also a handsome series of gold-and-pearl pendants, mounted with



THE NEW HAT-PIN STAND AT  
PERRY'S, 224, REGENT STREET.



A MAGNIFICENTLY FITTED DRESSING-CASE AT MESSRS. JOHN POUND  
AND COMPANY'S.

topaz, obsidian, or amethyst, to go with variously coloured costumes, as is the fashion of the hour.

Quite a new notion for the setting of miniatures or photographs has been introduced by Messrs. Lambert, of Vyse Street, Birmingham, in their new photo-brooch and photo-bracelet, which are really daintily revised versions of the old fashion which obtained such favour with our great-aunts and grandmamas. Those capacious breastplates in which miniatures of the dear departed figured are, however, replaced by neat small frames for the tiny photograph or ivory, and as miniature pendants have become quite a vogue, the bangle and brooch will doubtless follow their lead, especially with diamond-encircled or pearl-bordered rims. Messrs. Lambert's catalogue of jewellery, plate, clocks, and cutlery is an object-lesson in low prices, and quite worth sending for by those who wish to give tasteful, but not ruinously expensive presents to their friends. As an example one may cite this prettily engraved silver child's cup in velvet-lined case, which costs only nineteen shillings.

It is, moreover, enamelled in colours for the same price, and as a god-parent's or aunt's Christmas gift what could be prettier? For "bridgers" a most acceptable souvenir presents itself in this solid silver box complete with cards and markers. In the lid two court cards, enamelled, complete a handsome ornament. Other specialties are the fob seal, which is coming in again for smart men, in curiously fashioned gold, set with topaz, bloodstone, amethyst, and other semi-precious stones; hammered silver military hair-brushes, in morocco, velvet-lined case, for merely two guineas; exquisite designs in silver wire cake-baskets, with blue-glass linings; and reproductions of old fluted-silver soup-tureens, which, in the finest quality electro-plate, cost only five pounds ten shillings. Some extremely handsome ormolu and enamelled clocks, with crystal fronts and sides, are available for four and five pounds. These strike the hours and half-hours on musical gongs, and are most desirable acquisitions to any drawing-room. The new thin watch for evening wear, in oxydised silver case and silvered dial, costs only one guinea, and is a perfect timekeeper. In silver the price is thirty shillings only; in gold, five guineas. Nothing could appeal more to the modern man than one of these.

Everybody moves about in these days of what someone called perpetual emotion! The holiday habit, the week-end habit, the restless, ever-changing habit has got into our system. But we like to travel in comfort, and the paraphernalia of getting about luxuriously

are by no one better understood or better supplied than by John Pound and Company, the long-established and worthy firm whose several branches, in Leadenhall Street, Tottenham Court Road, Piccadilly, and at 211, Regent Street contain every single item that forms a necessity or a luxury among the belongings of the travelling modern. Fitted dressing-case are as much a specialty of the firm's sound manufacture as the leather trunks and portmanteaux by which their high reputation was built up. A most completely equipped week-end companion is an excellent present, and a generous equivalent for the ten-pound note which denotes its value. Besides these more important items a large selection of Christmas presents is on view at each of the firm's branches. The Regent Street shop shows some dainty leather hand-bags, pocket-books, portable and complete jewel-bags, opera-bags for glasses, handkerchief, scent-bottle and tiny purse; note-cases, cigar and cigarette cases, card-cases, an infinite variety of purses, and some useful morocco leather travelling-cushions, with handy receptacle for newspapers and books. All forms of silver-ware are on view besides, and a visit to any of John Pound's various establishments can only result in profitable and pleasant purchase, since genuine worth and good, honest British workmanship are assured to his customers.

John Barker's Yuletide Catalogue is enough to make one's mouth water, so attractively set forth are the various wares of this doyen of old Kensington shopkeepers. Fans, furs, jewellery, blouses, hats, the thousand and one attractive unnecessaries of spoilt lovely woman, surround one on every side. With good reason indeed is John Barker's catalogue named "A Dream of Christmas." Everything

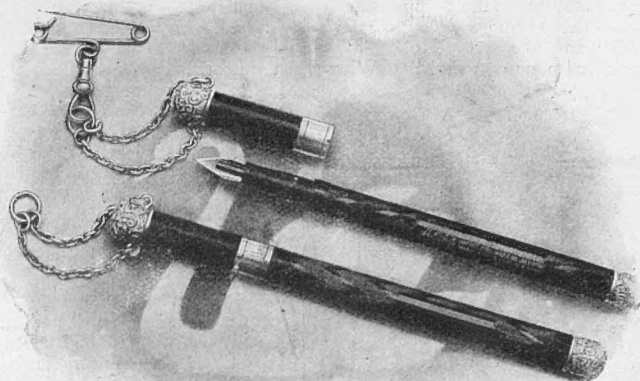


A SILVER CUP FOR A CHILD,  
IN VELVET-LINED CASE, AT  
MESSRS. LAMBERT'S, VYSE  
STREET, BIRMINGHAM.



A SOLID SILVER "BRIDGE" BOX, WITH CARDS AND  
MARKERS, AT MESSRS. LAMBERT'S, VYSE STREET,  
BIRMINGHAM.



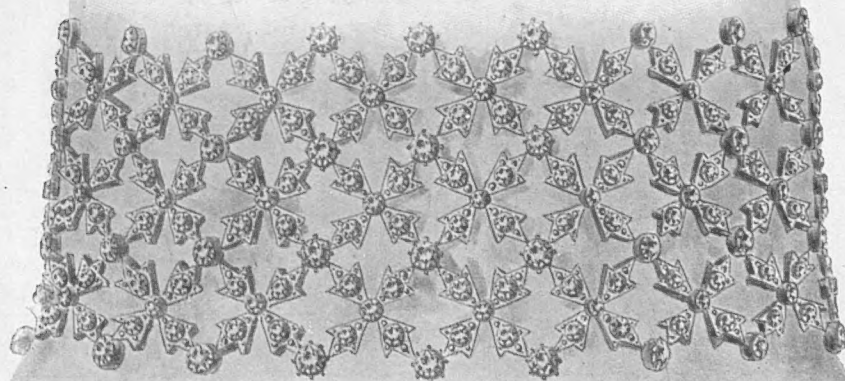


ONE OF THE MOST USEFUL CHRISTMAS OR NEW YEAR GIFTS: A DELIGHTFULLY FITTED "SWAN" FOUNTAIN-PEN, AT MESSRS. MABIE, TODD, AND BARD'S, HIGH HOLBORN, CHEAPSIDE, AND REGENT STREET.

in the well-fitted leather pad, with folding legs, which only costs a trifle, and would be such a boon to all women when ill or lazy, or neither one nor the other, but just addicted to scribbling notes under a satin coverlet!

Talking of pens appropriately reminds one of the superlative merits, virtues, and convenience for all purposes attaching to a Swan fountain-pen, which, whether in its most unpretentious and utilitarian or in its decorative and be-jewelled aspect, is the most useful Christmas gift man, woman, or child can have. Our illustration shows the "Swan" in its sublimated gold-clasped disguise, and there are others in which amethyst, topaz, or other jewel finishes off the case. But Mabie, Todd, and Bard, the well-known makers, guarantee the plainest Swan fountain-pen, as well as the most ornamental, and whether for business-man or schoolboy or duchess, its uses and graces are equally conceded and apparent. The makers wish it known that they will exchange any pen purchased as a gift for one to the owner's taste. Their addresses in London are in High Holborn, Cheapside, and Regent Street; Brentano's, in Paris, Rue Neuve, Brussels, and in fact at all good jewellers' and stationers'.

From half-a-guinea to five thousand pounds is a far cry. Yet that is the announcement sent forth to all whom it may concern by the Association of Diamond Merchants, of 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross, who have brought out various articles of jewellery, varying in price from ten shillings to five thousand sovereigns, for this season's trading. The magnitude of the business done by the Association doubtless enables it to sell diamonds and other jewels at a very low rate, otherwise how could it be possible to exchange this handsome tiara, forming also a necklace, and composed of best "double-cut brilliants" for £750? At the present market value of diamonds—which is constantly increasing, by the way—£1000 would seem a cheap equivalent. Nothing more beautiful than this diamond lattice-collar can be shown. It is composed of fine, very white stones of the first water, in a flexible setting, which ensures comfort, and its cost is only £550—really most reasonable when the quantity, size, and colour of the diamonds is taken into account. Good folk coming to town with bulky purses and benevolent intentions



A DIAMOND LATTICE COLLAR AT THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS', TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

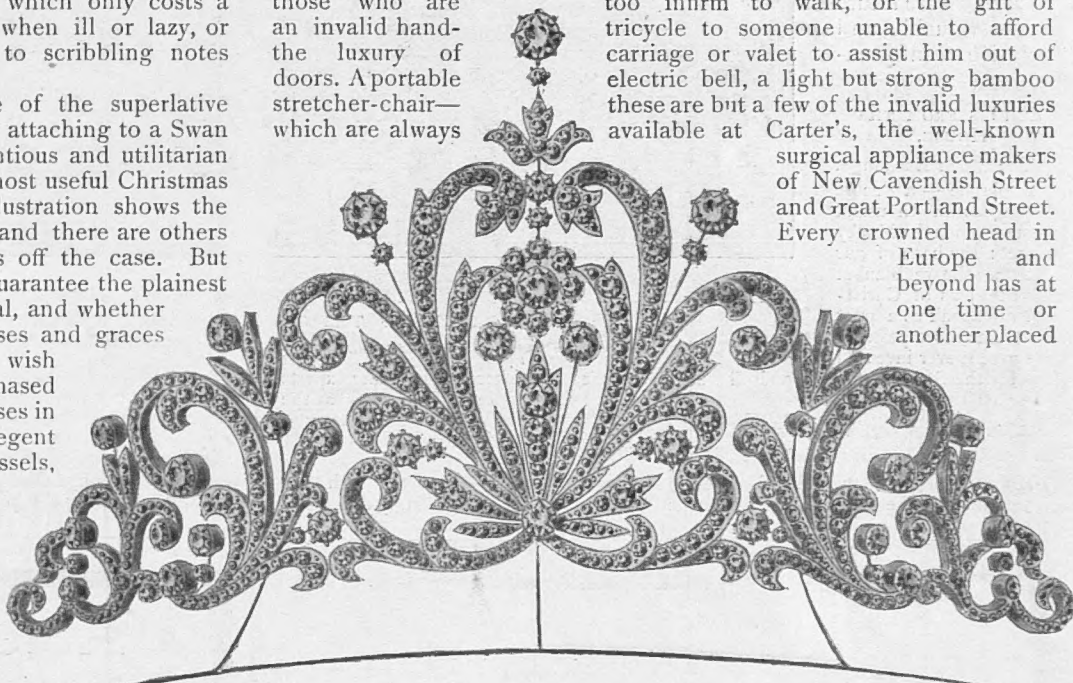
should betake themselves to the premises of the Association of Diamond Merchants, or write for their catalogue, which is a wonderful compendium of 6000 illustrations priced and described—a manual, too, for fireside shopping, wherein those unable to visit the great Metropolis can choose their cadeaux with every confidence.

the limitless desires of femininity can or could spread to is here included, while the toy department seems to have been stocked by Grandpapa Santa Claus in person, so very completely does it satisfy the utmost dreams of childhood. One excellent idea for invalids who write in bed may be noted

At Benson's old established shop, 62 and 64, Ludgate Hill, a most interesting display of gold-mounted amethyst jewellery is on view. This stone, which has deservedly come so much into favour of late because of its exquisite colour, effective appearance, and modest cost, is now to be admired in rings rimmed with pearls, necklaces brightened with tiny diamonds, bangles daintily decorated with platinum chains and gold arabesques, pendants in designs of many periods, and earrings flanked by pearls and brilliants, all at exceedingly moderate cost. Benson, Limited, both at Bond Street and at Ludgate Hill, invite their patrons to participate in the advantages of a monthly payment system which exacts no extra charge and makes the purchase of suitable jewellery possible to many whose regular but restricted incomes would not admit of large cash disbursements.

People have a saying that Christmas is the children's season; but it is, and ought to be, everybody's season. Were not the halt and lame and blind as dear to the Great Founder of this feast as ever the rosy-cheeked children of Galilee? Our good Lord Mayor is helping to bring messages of happiness and Christmas cheer to the poor crippled small folk of this big town, and many besides will doubtless wish to alleviate the lot of those who, better placed but weakly and infirm, need the "loving kindness" of Christmas tradition and teaching hardly less than their poorer brethren. How thoughtful, for example, and welcome the donation of an invalid-chair would be to those who are an invalid hand—the luxury of doors. A portable stretcher-chair—which are always

too infirm to walk, or the gift of tricycle to someone unable to afford carriage or valet to assist him out of electric bell, a light but strong bamboo these are but a few of the invalid luxuries available at Carter's, the well-known surgical appliance makers of New Cavendish Street and Great Portland Street. Every crowned head in Europe and beyond has at one time or another placed



A £750 TIARA AT THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS', TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

orders for Carter's wonderful carrying-chairs, or for an invalid sofa, or literary machine, which enables the patient to read so comfortably and easily in bed or in any lying position. As reclining-chairs, the Carlton and Osborne, illustrated on pages 36 and 37 of Carter's catalogue, may be described as perfect. Both chairs are the result of many costly experiments, and can be adjusted to any position. The list of great names whose owners have at some time benefited by Carter's specialties proves how widely spread is the fame of this great firm, whose inventions have for long alleviated the pathway of suffering humanity, and assisted the work of nurse and doctor by easing discomfort and helping recovery.

At the other end of the present-giving scale are the canisters of tea, varying in size from  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. to 14 lb., provided by the United Kingdom Tea Company, which can be obtained at their various branches, chiefly 143, High Street, Kensington, and 145, Brompton Road. The gold-tipped Darjeeling tea sold by this company is, one is well assured, a very superior brand, made up in airtight canisters to preserve its flavour. The "Volara" is adapted specially to people of weak digestion, to whom ordinary black teas are profoundest poison; while the "Terrace Tea," which has been supplied to the House of Commons, is by all accounts superlatively satisfying.

When Christmas is over the scramble southwards and Swisswards really begins, and as the sun in these favoured climates shines with unmistakable effect, it may be a hint in time to remind readers of this page that Campbell, of the Perth Dye Works, achieves wonders with white and light cloth gowns, and all sorts of finery, which, while good enough to take abroad, may have lost its first freshness in the grimy, sooty atmosphere of home. It is quite wonderful, too, what these magicians can do with faded finery. Their art in dyeing all the new half-tones and pastel shades makes it really worth while to send them garments for a fresh lease of life in colour. In former days, when the dyer's tub

only furnished forth crude rainbow hues of emerald, magenta, and purple, dyed frocks were not an unalloyed joy; but Messrs. P. and P. Campbell have changed all that with their modern appliances, skilled experts, and great works on the banks of the river Tay. Campbell's receiving offices are to be found in every town.—SYBIL.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Dec. 24.*

READERS who follow "Q's" advice in these columns have reason to congratulate themselves again on the quick profit that they have derived from their purchases of Canadian Pacific stock, as to which we published a note in the issue of Nov. 28 last, when the stock stood at 187. "Q's" view was, and still is, that the price will go to 250 within a reasonable time, and it certainly looks as if his opinion is to be vindicated. Next week we shall publish a note from the same valued correspondent on the Port Madrya Company, of whose future he has valuable and exclusive information.

## ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

A plague—a score of plagues—a thousand plagues—upon the Money Market: the bane of our existence; the wet blanket over the joys of Christmas. (I speak as a poet only.) The most pestiferous torment ever invented to worry the Stock Exchange and all who therein are. And here we have the experts telling us that money can't possibly get cheaper till the middle of January—"at the earliest." Refreshing, isn't it? Well may the Consol Market sigh, with Cervantes—"This peck of troubles."

However, it's just as well to look upon the bright side of things, although one must admit that the cultivation of this particular virtue becomes increasingly difficult at

this season of the year. By the way, and apropos of nothing under what remains of the sun, we can be beautifully rude to one another in the House sometimes. A jobber in the Home Railway market approached one of his fellows, the latter celebrated for qualities other than good temper. The first asked, civilly enough, the price of a certain stock; and the second told him. Said the first, "Have you anything to do in two hundred pounds stock?" Whereupon the other, never a muscle of his face moving, icily replied—"I'll write and let you know." One expected an instant explosion, but the first jobber, looking the other in the face, answered, after a second's space—"Thank you very much." The sporting fraternity would have had no difficulty in spotting which was the winner.

Now here's a curious thing. In several of the most active Kaffir shares, options are to be obtained only one way. You cannot take money on an East Rand option, for instance. There are plenty of people willing enough to take money in the market, but there are no givers. If this does not afford a fairly strong hint to the innocent lambs who think they are going to make money out of call options on Kaffirs it ought to.

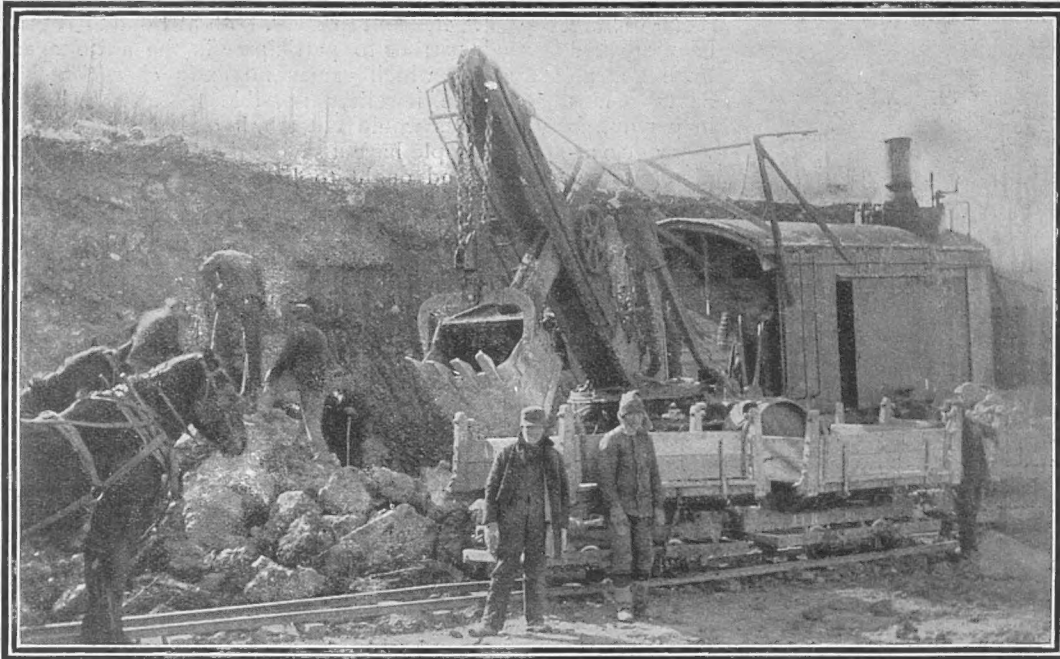
To the bucket-shop on the look-out for a suitable motto, Jefferson Davis supplies the very thing—

"All we ask is to be let alone."

They tell me in the market that Bays are to be taken in hand again before long. Of course, the clique have got the market all their own way, but I think the price will

be run up to 130 again in time. And I told you years ago that Canadas would reach 200, as they have done. They talk big things of the Commonwealth Oil Company, particulars of which have been furnished here by "Q" on several occasions. The Preferred look worth watching now. Eastern Telegraph Ordinary stock has slipped down to about 135, at which it pays  $5\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. on the money. Cheap stock, this, amongst Industrials. I see Cement Prefs. were mentioned in *The Sketch* last week as being cheap at  $6\frac{3}{4}$ ; the price is more like  $7\frac{1}{4}$  as I write. Should sell

*(Continued on page XII.)*



RAILWAY-BUILDING IN CANADA: THE FORTY-TON SHOVEL AT WORK ON THE ST. JOHN-BRANDON BRANCH OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

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